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TRUTH

BY

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INTRODUCTION.

Harsh it seems ever, and to the majority, hence *truth* is smothered while young : surely by the ignorant : as one ignorant of the virtue of a rose, cuts off and eradicates the plant without allowing it to bud, mistaking it for a bramble, because it has thorns : but, when one, who had the occasion to enjoy the sweet scent of a full-blown rose, informs him of his mistake, he regrets ; and, if perchance his informant be one who cultivates the thing through the love of its quality, who is well-versed in the art of its cultivation, and who is willing to instruct him in that art ; then, he too, like his informant, begins to work felicitously, so as to attain the ultimate result : Such is the case with *truth* : When its prickly thorns tear off, from our back, the haloed garb of sincere foolishness (blind faith), the gauzy garb of sophistry, and the flaunting one of sanctimoniousness and hypocrisy, and make us appear naked before our mind's eye, it becomes offensive to us ; so we destroy it before it has time enough for full foliation : But here our poet comes forward, not only to inform us of our

mistake, but to give us these verses which make us well-versed in the cultivation of *truth*, and enable us, in the end, to enjoy the sweet scent of a full-blown *truth-flower*, as he has done himself, and which he proclaims, and well proclaims in the beginning :—

Truth have I realised so *truth* shall tell,

To free thy mind from superstitious spell:

Our master has divided his instructions in three divisions: first the *preface*; second, the *body* subdivided in four parts; and lastly the *conclusion*. In the *preface* (which is composed in *Heroic* measure) he gives us to understand that, as for any sort of cultivation the essential is the soil free from the overgrowth of all weeds and brambles, so, for *truth cultivation*, it is essential to have the mind-soil free from the overgrowth of all prejudice, superstition, religious vanity, pretensions etc.; and asks, to come forward, those who have it :—

“Now come who have a mind unbiass’d quite.”
Then comes the *body* in four parts. In the first part (which is composed of Ballad metric stanzas) he points out, to those who have not a ready *soil*, the principal bramble,—the irrational belief in an imaginary Personal God, and instructs to destroy it at the outset because it obstructs our free access

to all over the mind-ground, and also to eradicate all other weeds and shrubs, such as, superstitions, rituals and cults, the irrational restrictions, and the pernicious customs, which have grown under the shelter of it, for they hinder us from *truth-cultivation*, mar the beauty of our ground, and suppress the growth of *truth*. Moreover, here he explains their inutility and fruitlessness, and provides us with the argument-tools to be used for their eradication, and the ways to wield those tools.

The second part (which is composed in quatrains of tetrametric verses of Iambic foot) is but a subsidiary to the first part. Here, as if finding his disciple dazed through the toil, he encourages him to give the finishing stroke to his work of ground-clearing, and that work being performed, he says at the end :—

let us pause

Discarding pious affectation.

The third part is composed of Heroic couplets : here the master lays down the wholesome precepts with which he instructs his disciples to manure his ground : and now being familiar with the work, he (the disciple) himself finds out often a stray doubt-weed, and asks how to remove it ; and the master explains. Thus the work proceeds smoothly to the

end of the third part ; when at the end, our master, as if to revive our toil-worn energy for the ensuing work of laying out and planting, gives us a vision of the recompense in the end: —

But Brahm thou art, nor portion, nor apart

Realize, restraining mind, that “ that thou art. ”

Last of all in the fourth part (which is composed as above) he gives us, first, the distinguishing mark of the *truth-sprout*, so that we may not mistake it for a bramble again :—

Sans nonself things, such self-existent stage

The scriptures name'd Samadhi of a sage.

This super-consciousness (Samadhi state)

Buddha did, as *Nirvana*, designate.

Then he gives us full guidance for laying out and planting :—

With stoical mind in tranquillity profound,

In lonely region,—void of light and sound,—

Subduing dream and drowsiness and sleep,

Try to suppress thy mind and vigil keep.

And again he shows how to further and enhance its sprouting and growth : —

Think only of thy self if think thou must.

* * * * *

With talk of self thy self-thought-flow retain.

Our master then goes on describing its growth and development :—

By such repeated practice gets a sage
A sudden gleam of the samadhi stage.

* * * * *

Daily increase, profoundness and duration,
By constant practice, of self realization.

But our master does not stop here ; with a view to sustain our patience till the felicitation comes, he concludes with a few sonnets, where he gives us a visionary*gleam of the full-blown *truth-flower*, and shows us from his own experience how blissful it would be to smell the same.

In conclusion I have to add that our venerable master is the author of *Sohom Tattwa*, a prose work in Bengali, and of *Sohom Geeta*, a Bengali poem, both dealing with the essence of Vedant philosophy. This attempt to versify in English so abstruse a subject is the result of the pressure laid upon him by many of his European admirers and acquaintances. To put into verse high philosophical thoughts, such as the Truth expounds, is no doubt very difficult, and the more so, because English is not the mother tongue of the author and his worldly life before he secluded himself in the Himalayas was exclusively

spent in a vocation where there was neither the opportunity nor an inducement towards a literary pursuit. He was known to the public, both European and Indian, as Professor Banerjee, the first tiger-tamer in India.

Some of his acquaintances objected to the book being composed in verses on the ground that there is no philosophical English work in poetry and the abstruse thoughts of Vedant will not be properly elucidated in verses. The author, however, is a true son of India where the grandeur of natural scenery, the mother of the first incentive to poetical ideas, abounds ; where Vedic Rishis sang and wrote in verses the highest truth about the problem of life and death, and that eternal bliss which is called as Brahmananda ; and where subsequent works of not only philosophy but of almost all kinds were composed in Sanskrit verses.

A man saturated with any intense feeling naturally gives vent to his thoughts, if he has sufficient power of expression, in a language which is not ordinary and which may be termed poetry ; or in other words when the heart is full and the feeling over-flows in language it turns into poetry, though hard and fast rules have been laid down for versifi-

cation. Now when a sage realises *Self* and attains samadhi stage, the memory of that transcendental state in his usual condition fills his heart with that bliss with which no worldly pleasure is comparable : that *his* thoughts will find expression in poetry is quite natural. How his ideas and thoughts have been expressed, vividly or not, indifferently or otherwise, it is for the readers to judge. The last, though not the least, reason for the truth being composed in verses is that our master :—

Gave truth a tinge of rhythm,
That it may seem less harsh.

Hermitage,
P.O. Bhawali,
Dt. Naini Tal.

SWAMI NIRBIKALPA
A disciple.

PREFACE.

Truth have I realiz'd, so truth shall tell
To free thy mind from superstitious spell

Against my Truth they only may protest,
Who think of nothing but self-interest.

Who'er in superstition's darkness lies,
The sudden glare of Truth may blind his eyes.

Why should I stoop with wily sciential feint
To flatter bigotry and follies quaint ?

A fanatic, or one with deep design
Might praise thy follies, thee to undermine.

Herein thou may'st some truth unpleasant find ;
The dose, tho' bitter, will refresh thy mind.

Finding the doctrine new, thou needst not start,
'Tis not imported from a foreign mart ;

Our ancient sages did this truth profess,
Which in a foreign garb I now express.

II

The God whom East and West alike acclaim
I found imposture and an empty name.

Let in religious bog the pious sink ;
Let atheists and agnostics laugh and wink ;

Let coward sinners fear a fancied hell ;
Let hopes of heav'n th'ambitious mind impel ;

Let cringing weaklings kneel before the shrine ;
Let th' ignorant give thanks for grace divine ;

Let optimists for ever vainly wait ;
Leave fatalists within the clutch of fate ;

Come thou that hast a mind unbiass'd quite,
Observe and judge all in Truth's brilliant light.

Let not the mawkish sentimental flow
Of faith untutor'd, quench thy reason's glow ;

Put prejudice and blind faith all away,
Judge with unfetter'd mind then Truth I pray ;

Who thirst for truth, from Truth's spring shall derive
A nectar-draught that shall his mind revive.

TRUTH



SOHOM SWAMI
IN 1910.

PART I.

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CHAPTER I.

When there was nothing,—sun nor earth
 No darkness and no light,
No time nor space, no death nor birth,
 No seer, scene or sight,

No movement, stir nor motion least,
 No voice, nor even sound,
No force nor matter, man nor beast,
 Naught but a calm profound ;

What was then there ? (if 'twas in fact)
 Was there he, she or it ?
Whether but transient or intact,
 Finite or infinite ?

Vedant and Vedas vainly state
 Each its own designation,
But Rik was awed to intimate (A)
 What was before creation ;

The Koran Allah name assigns,
And Bible God, Him names,
But scienc' to name the cause declines,
Unknowable acclaims ;

Father plus His begotten son
Plus God the holy-ghost ;
Some think the total comes to one :—
And mathematic most !

Soul, matter, God,—eternal three,
Some people do surmise,
In principle they disagree,
But ev'ry one is wise !

Almighty, all-love, kind and just,
All-knowing He's, they say ;
Those infidels who do not trust,
Nor love Him, nor do pray !

“ The world's unreal ”, so says Vedant ;—
Mirage like it does seem,
It looks as real to th' ignorant,
But sages take as dream.

Something cannot come out of naught,
So aught must have been there
To cause this world, thus creature-fraught,—
'Tis sure a logic fair :

He will'd created or evolv'd
Himself,—how men can say ?
By worldly measure can't be solv'd
This myst'ry, yea or nay !

For diff'rent names one need not fight,
The nomenclator's man :
I will prove th' attributes not right ;
Follow me those who can.

CHAPTER II.

His will if simply He did use
As means this world to make,
Its reality we must refuse,
As dreams when we do wake.

Our wants press us to wish or will
And cause us pain and care ;
Why will'd God ? what end to fulfil ?
And said " let this be there ".

How could Almighty have been tir'd
Merely thro' will-exertion ?
So much that He a rest requir'd,
Must we believe this version ?

If God's efficient cause of all,
Material sure was there,
Atom or whate'er you may call,
Some space of course did share ;

If limited in space was He,
Then He was so in time,
Then, infinite, God ne'er can be,
Nor cause the sole or prime.

If both the causes He had been,
Th' effect and cause are same ;—
Himself is seer, and sight and scene,
With different shape and name.

Tho' butter's part of milk (some say)
Yet they mix ne'er again,
So from God came the world away,
Distinct e'er to remain.

Where's space, this universe to place,^{8.}
Beyond that infinite ?
One may deduct from things or space
What has limit in it.

As world, if He Himself evolv'd,
What God do pray you then ?
Then ev'ry thing is God, 'tis solv'd,
All birds, worms, beasts and men.

Why 'took th' immortal mortal form ?
What end He did attain ?
Has God evolv'd as man and worm
To suffer death and pain ?

If God lives from the world aloof,
Within His Heav'n sublime,
Itself this spatial limit's proof
Of limit His in time.

Immortal, blissful, peaceful be
If God, creation's cause,
In effect came death, misery
Whence, by what rules or laws ?

Life, health, youth, objects, sense whate'er,
And all the earthly wealth,
Give constant pleasure none, and ne'er ;—
Pass off as if by stealth !

If God does make, He makes to kill,
Or death cannot prevent,
Or else th' Almighty has no skill
To make things permanent !

Expire ev'n bud, and seedling, seed, •
Egg, foetus, recent-born ;
Those mourn for friends who long life lead,
Become some ev'n forlorn !

His frequent failure, loss and waste
Prove Him an inexpert,
A novice without skill or taste,
And not in work alert !

Belov'd, love, youth, He does bestow,
Health, beauty, back to take:
And ere they ripen plucks them, lo !
More wretched still to make.

Enjoy health, pow'r, fame, beauty, some,
Wealth and a happy life ;
Others are born blind, deaf and dumb,
For turmoil, toil and strife ;

Some beg their bread from door to door,
For mere existence fight ;
Others get plenty, even more,
From birth as theirs by right !

How can we Him impartial call
While there's diversity ?
Why some reign, others sweat as thrall,
If all His children be ?

The mother to her broken heart
Her dead babe wildly strains,
She groans transfix'd by sorrow's dart,
Her God inert remains ;

The widow, for her darling gone,
In woe-begone despair,
Gasps, trembles like a stricken fawn ;
Minds God her anguish e'er ?

Thro' plague and famine millions die,—
Male, female, young and old,—
There's no redress, but God the high
Remains indiff'rent, cold !

Perhaps He lives in heav'n afar,
Far from the human wail ;
And pray'rs the crystal gates debar ;
Therefore they ne'er avail ;

Or He pervades and knows all these,
But then He's all but kind ;
The pray'rs He hears and sorrows sees
But ne'er to care does mind !

Perchance He is benevolent,
His heart does bleed and grieve ;
But may not be omnipotent,
Pain, sorrow to relieve !

The world's a vale of sorrow, fear,
Oppression, grief and pain !
No justice, kindness, mercy's here ; —
Beg th' ignorant in vain.

The strong e'er feed on feeble, frail,
The weaklings vainly strive ;
Howe'er th' unfit may fight, they fail,
The strongest but survive ;

The strong for kindness ne'er do care,
For God's compassion, love ;
The wretched stretch forth hands with pray'r,
No help comes from above.

All-love, just, merciful or kind
God's but a myth and naught ;
On heav'n or earth what trace did find
Of Him, whoe'er has sought ?

CHAPTER III.

Some say, “ weal and woe none bestow
One’s deeds but them do teem ;
One reaps as he himself did sow ”:—
Can we believe this theme ?

If men have weal or suffer pain
According to their deed,
By pious prayer what they gain ?
Then prayer’s of no need ;

Before their birth but none can act,
Yet different births endure ;
If previous birth or deed be fact,
Preceded th’actors sure ;

When th’actors in all births precede
And actions follow them,
Then “ divers birth from divers deed’
Quite wrong is th’apothegm. (B)

If beings all at th'outset start
With equal organs, mind,
How each can play a diff'rent part
No reas'ning e'er can find.

One's made a man of parts and sense,
Others quite turbulent ;—
So guilty's He who does dispense,
Actors are innocent !

Is father of world God of love ?
Then why did He create
Propensions bad, o'er and above,
Hell for His children's fate ?

Satan is source of evils all,
(Christians and Moslems say)
He did cause our first parents' fall,
Duly were punish'd they :

If God this Satan did create,
And if omniscient be ;
He knew what would be human fate,—
For their fall guilty's He !

Jehova often foam'd with rage,
And sometimes did repent,
Curs'd earth, the man, His lineage,—
His pent up wrath to vent ; (C)

Lest man may eat the fruit of life,
With flaming sword He keeps :
In death, disease, pain, struggle, strife,
Altho' the world aye weeps ;—

The knowledge-fruit was then unripe
When Adam did that eat,
Else fruit of life would know and gripe
Ere had he to retreat.

If Adam's fault alone the cause
Of human death and woe ;
Why variegated ? By what laws ?
All men his childern tho' !

Adam bred not worm, bird or beast,
But suffer they the same !
The bible does not tell the least
For what are they to blame !

If God has scourg'd the human race,
For first man's only fall ;
Justice in it no law can trace,
But vengeance dire will call.

Satan forsooth does yet deprave
The hapless human kind ;—
Almighty God could quickly save,
Were He to save inclin'd !

The just God has a court and laws
For the last judgment-day,
Ev'n advocates to plead thy cause,
For a fix'd fee (they say).

His son is leader of the bar :
Him offer who their brief,
No sins nor crimes their prospect mar
(It is their firm belief) ;

Thro' pleaders other, or without,
Who dare approach His throne,
Guilty or not, will have, no doubt,
With punishment to groan.

The only punishment and meed
Eternal heav'n or hell ;
No middle course there is indeed,
(Celestial law-codes tell).

Result of finite human act
How can eternal be ?
No pleader argued e'er with tact,
Nor codes bear cogent plea.

Want faith, as thèir fee, th'advocates
Devotion, love, the judge :
For highest court tho'man it rates,
Corruption does it smudge.

Sinners who their devotion, love,
But to the judge present !
Pardon'd they are, o'er and above,
To paradise are sent ;

Honest men, who cannot Him bribe,
He does drag in the court,
For torture which the codes describe
T'eternal hell deport.

Justice this Daniel yet should learn
From earthly judges' saw ;
And th'advocates, their own concern
From earthly bars-at-law.

Free-will all men have got (some say)
And can discriminate ;
Select they diff'rent parts and play,
Or weave themselves their fate.

But divers codes themselves they make
For diff'rent castes and creeds :
Oft one, for heinous sins, does take
Some others' sacred deeds ;

Some on their altar sacrifice,
With blood their God to sate ;
Others it think most cruel vice,
And such religions hate ;

Thieving, deceit, tho' social sin,
Are found in politics ;
And ghazies kafir slay to win (D)
The right to cross the styx ;

Kuleens and moslems ne'er do count ·
Polygamy a crime ;
Poliandry thrives in Jaunsar mount
And in cold Tibet's clime. (E)

If judge but with unbias'd mind,
All sects and castes and creeds,
The different notions are, you find,
Th' effects of trainings, needs.

Again, who wishes want of sight,
To be lame, deaf or dumb ?
Who wants not fame and wealth and might,
And handsome to become ?

Who wants to grieve for children, wife,
For near and dear to weep ?
Who wishes not a happy life,
Wealth, health life-long to keep ?

But man's will can't adjust his fate,
Desires ev'n often fail ;
Some pow'r unknown does regulate :
Free-will can ne'er avail.

'Tis *hearing*, brings to death the deer,
Hunters' flutes which allure ;
Thro' *touch*, the ruttish tuskiers steer
Their course to bondage sure ;

Bees come to death thro' sense of *taste*,
Enlim'd in honey sweet,
Allur'd by *sight* all insects haste
To fire, their doom to meet ;

The fish run th' angler's hooks to bite,
When *smell* draws,—can't forbear ;
Enough and more, a *sense* has might,
Beings to kill or snare :

Poor man, whom five-fold-sense enthralls,
Ignites desires like flame,
Blame not your fellow if he falls ;—
His Maker is to blame !

Heav'n or hell is beyond their sight ;
And God remains in stealth,
While spreads, their longing to ignite
Fame, beauty, power, wealth ;

When objects draw, desires impel,
All senses eke the mind,
A doubtful meed of heav'n or hell
Cannot check from behind ;

Free-will of men, as of the fish,
Is but a lame excuse,
Howe'er may God and anglers wish
Themselves to disabuse.

CHAPTER IV.

A savage worships and reveres
A monst'rous deity ;
Ev'n man he immolates with cheers,
And thinks He takes with glee.

Some worship a God, with concubine
Enjoys who *Leela* bliss
In groves, on feint of grazing kine,
With divers artifice : (F)

At night as signal plays on flute
When moon-light is profuse,
With easy conscience, this astute,
The milk-maids to seduce ;

His jealous mistress' wrath to bate,
Does grovel at her feet,
Tho' ne'er in future hesitate
To play her with deceit.

Some people's God tho' figureless,
Of a maiden sweet and mild
Begot (how, never one can guess)
His only Godly child. (G)

A figureless God some conceive,
And offer adoration ;
Some make His image ; some believe
And worship incarnation.

His attributes, forms differ, ev'n
The place where He resides,—
Golok, Bihisht, Olympus, hea'vn,—
Or ev'rywhere abides.—

The truth reveal'd by prophet, saint,
Is all-embracing none ;
Some trust, some take for raving quaint,
Some thinking fraud do shun ;

Their God quite deaf the pious find
Thro' their incessant pray'r ;—
How idiot's prattle God can mind
When men ev'n cannot bear !

Men make their Gods from inference
Just as their counterparts ;
The notions of God differ hence
So much in different hearts.

The theists their God to demonstrate
Have naught but bigotry ;
Nor atheists have proof adequate
Of His nonentity.

A bull would fancy, worship ev'n,
Like it a cattle-God,
And dream, desire a shady heav'n
With water, grass and cod ;

No yoke, no plough, nor farmer there,
Nor even cart to pull,
Halleluiah to low there for e'er
Would wish a pious bull.

With so much ev'n some discontent,
Not to remain aloof
Would pray their bull-God of tenant
Absorption in His hoof.

Thinkers, if putting faith aside
Can Judge, may surely find,
In templ' of faith does God abide
Of superstitious mind.

CHAPTER V.

By bright light of philosophy
And science God can't bide ;
In dark hole of credulity
He likes Himself to hide :

The sages—Kapil, Vyas of yore-
In their philosophies
With cogent reas'nings did ignore
All Gods, ere centuries. (H)

“ A rare one who's untouch'd by vice,
Virtue, and pleasure, pain,
Above all actions—evil, nice,
Void of desire for gain ; ”

“ Who is all-knowing, and a guide
Of man's emancipation,
And in all ages does abide,
' Om ' is whose designation : ”

Patanjali did mention tho'
Such Ishwar, but he meant,
As apothegms all clearly show,
A sage, is evident. (I)

One who one's self does realize
As one with th'infinite,
Words "all-pervading" and "all-wise"
"All-knowing" him befit ;

Him never touch sins, hellish pain,
Virtue or heav'nly pleasure ;
With earthly scale his loss or gain
He never stoops to measure :

Such was in past, again will be,
At present such is there,
Wherefore did say Patanjali
"Eternal" also "rare" ;

By waking, dreaming, sleeping states
All beings are enthrall'd,
Restrains these three, fourth actuates
By 'om' is hence he call'd (J)

Plurality of soul does hold
The Kapil-theorem ;
Patanjali, its follow'r, told
Ishwar is one of them ;

But mention did make none whate'er
Of God the personal,
Nor Him as Maker did declare
Nor ought that's mythical ;

By access to such master sage,
Or effort that to gain
And following his tutorage,
One may that stage attain. (K)

When science from creator's face
The veil of faith withdraws,
His love, might, grace, all yield their place
To cold material laws ;

The modern and old scientists sought, ;
With sciential light ablaze,
For God in vain ; but found they naught ;
None came afore their gaze ;

Hence atheists, infidels they are,
The Christian church opines ;
From heav'n by Bulls and Bans does bar
And Hell for them assigns

A third of mankind whom does follow
That Buddha's atheist call'd,
Because ignor'd all rituals hollow,
Ev'n God, quite unappall'd

Each other all the creeds and sects
Call atheists, and revile ;
All faiths, but own, full of defects,
Scriptures are puerile !

With objects of sense and of mind
All have full conversance,
But faith they put where are they blind,
Hence faith is ignorance.

A real sage call but him one can,
Whoever does it know ;—
God, as His image, made not man,
But men do make Him so ;

Perfection of good qualities
They as material use,
But use not bad propensities ;—
Why so to do refuse ?

With low'r propensities and sin
Adorn they never Him ;
So that their fancied sovereign
May not look vicious, grim.

Has God but knowledge, justice, grace,
Love and all virtues made ?
And vice did men make in their place,
Their own selves to degrade ?

If men could have created vice,—
Lust, anger, envy, hate,—
Then virtues and propension nice,
Why could they not create ?

And Satan if made sin and crime,
Comes this conclusion then :
That world has not one cause the prime,
A pair of Them have men.

CHAPTER VI.

By divers attributes one's able
All things to signify :
Are th'attributes all nat'ral, stable,
To God which men apply ?

When ere creation, naught had been,
Was only vacuum when ;
Then His omniscience what could glean ?
There was no object then !

Almighty how display'd His might
When void but did exist ?
No matter, motion, darkness, light,
To need might, or resist !

Pervading God what did pervade
When was not ev'n a sphere ?—
But Him with th'attributes array'd
Men, out of fancy mere !—

When there was none in heav'n above,
On earth no human race,
To whom was kind, whom did He love,
On whom bestow'd His grace ?

The qualities, those of th'effect,
To cause men e'er impute ;
Tho' taste of fruit, in flow'r, detect
None can, nor can permute ;

No beauty, scent of flow'r, is found
In leaves or branch or seed,
In gardener, howe'er renown'd,
Nor in manure or mead ;

The soil and seed tho' have the power
To cause the flavour, scent,
But qualities of fruit and flower
Have none, 'tis evident ;

Creation-tree has men as fruits,
Flowers low'r animals,
While leaves and branches and the shoots
Are all the vegetals ;

Amongst the beast none e'er can see
The human reas'ning least ;
In plants and trees can never be
Th' instinct of bird and beast ;

Unknown altho' the Cause or Seed
But fancy the mankind
In Him the human reas'n and deed
And functions of their mind ;

May not think one who's ignorant
Of vines and how they yield,
Grape's made by some intoxicant
Tasteful fruit golden-peel'd ?

Men call in second person, tho'
'God's all pervading' ween :
Which clearly shows they do not know
What does pervation mean ;

If all men say ; " oh God thou art
Pervading ev'rywhere, "—
That word " thou " proves that God's apart
From all of them for e'er ;

If God pervades all time and space,
Each atom, mind and soul,
No separate thing, ens or place
Can be from pole to pole ;

A sage himself does realize
As one with th' infinite,
'I'm all-pervading', does apprise
And dualism ne'er admit,

In knower knowledge is innate,
The knowable apart ;
More or less knowledge th' animate
Beings have in their heart ;

So, knower-God and object-men
Have knowledge diff'rent quite ;
Man's knowledge, God all-knowing then
Cannot claim ev'n a mite ;

Thro' senses one perceive altho'
External objects all,
But pain and pleasure ne'er can know
Unless to him befall ;

Th'omniscient God then must feel
Himself man's fear, distress
To prove His knowledge men reapal
God's peace and blissfulness ;

Without total of knowledge how
Can God omniscient be ?
But th' ignorant in vain endow
Him with this quality ;—

One consciousness is ev'ry where,
Whom Vedas Atma term ;
“ Observer, knower else is there
None, in man, beast or worm.” (L)

Mighty holds might, just as the same,
Each his own more or less,
How God can have Almighty name
While the whole can't possess ?

If one might only works around
From monarch down to thrall ;
Conclusion comes then cogent, sound,—
' Almighty's one and all.'

Vedant to Ishwar ne'er imputes
Justice and kindness, love
And personal God it refutes,
Ev'n Hell and Heav'n above.

Justice or love to th' incarnations,
Tho' devotees assign'd ;
Human they were, so those vocations
Need never be declin'd.

Ev'n in Purans can't be detected
Pers'nal God just or kind ;
But foreign faith has now infected
The modern Hindoo's mind :

A strong one conquers and subdues
When any weaker race,
The conqueror's faith, modes and views,
The conquer'd oft embrace ;

The Hindoos, to protect their faith
And customs, tried in vain,
But alien ways infected rathe,
And foot-hold strong did gain,

Now Moslem-Allah being fused
With Christian God and cast
As modern Ishwar, has conduced
To faith absurd at last.



CHAPTER VII.

Notion of God is fluctuant
In ev'ry creed and sect,
Men often their old faith recant,
A new God to select.

Idols who held Arabia ‘
Within their wily snare,
Commenc'd their hasty *hegira*,
Mahomet when did scare. (M)

Ev'n so, the Greeks and Roman folk
Idolatriz'd of old ;
Heard oracles when did evoke,
Ev'n Gods they could behold ; (N)

Tho' sceptic Socrates was tried,
And poison'd at that time ;
But now at those Gods men deride,
That trial think a crime ;

West worshipp'd idols and revered
Rogues in religious guise,
Like Brahmins, who there domineer'd,
Were wont to dogmatize ;

Where are those Gods so much adored
In western continent ?
Could they not any good afford ?
So were to *Lethe* sent !

Perhaps when Christian Churches thrash'd,
Assuming various mask
They fled from west and east-ward dash'd
In Indian clime to bask : (O)

While step by step the West was rising
Forsaking superstition,
New idols Hindoos were devising
And falling to perdition !!

None does in ancient scriptures see
Idols of any kind,
Or present symbololâtry
Which charms the Hindoo's mind ;

Mistake is call'd, one thing whene'er
Men for another take :
A rope in twilight snake declare,
And ev'n mirage a lake ;

If error's made thro' ignorance
Or organic defect,
From that mistake deliverance
One shortly may expect ;

Shalgram for *Vishnu* (th' infinite),
Linga for *Shiva* (un-known),
And worship of dolls, picture, writ,
When th'ignorant do own ; (P)

They err the same, as snake in rope,
But err they consciously ;
Life-long in darkness therefore grope
The truth-light never see.

Purans, Tantras, and sages sham
(All of most recent date)
With idols, adages, did damn
For e'er the Hindoo's fate :

Brahmá, they think, this world creates,
And Vishnu does protect,
Shiva this world annihilates ;
Hence to them genuflect ;

Tho' these are nature's energies,
But deities are thought,
With wives, abodes, and progenies,
And arms with which they fought ;—

Such legends all Purans propound,
Of such attractive kind,
Which stifle reas'ning and confound
The thoughtless simple mind ;—

Brahmá can ne'er the soul create,
Eternal if it be,
Shiva too can't annihilate ;—
From birth and death 'tis free :—

Brahmá, creating matters mere,
Hands Shiva to destroy,
Before can Vishnu interfere ;—
How must that him annoy !—

Shiva does snatch unfinish'd things
From hapless Brahma's hands ;
Both hands amaz'd creator wrings,
Aloof protector stands ;

Shiva t' annihilate in vain
Shatters all shape and name ;
The shatter'd things change forms again,
And ens remains the same.

All matters ev'ry moment change,
Nothing remains intact :
Their changes they themselves arrange,
No God need ever act.

Altho' names and shapes always vary,
Ens is perpetual ;
Hence for each act a functionary
Is quite irrational.

(Some say) as smoke does prove a fire,
So when this world we see,
God's ens and skill to us transpire :—
Is reas'nable this plea ?

The vapour may be tak'n for smoke,
For vapour smoke likewise ;
How can effect-mistaken folk
Its true cause realize ?

At sight of smoke a fire to guess
One must have seen before
The fire, the smoke, eke its egress,
And how, which way, does soar :

At His own work one who did see
Any Creator ere ;
Seeing this world, he certainly
Can fancy God somewhere.

Maker if things must have perforce,
Then we may speculate,
Another Maker must of course
Have been Him to create ;

So th' end of Makers none can see
With rationalistic light,
All Makers' cause the primary
Are human fancy, fright.

The cause of visibl' objects all,
The Vedas *Maya* nam'd,
Some Nature, others Atom call,
Tantras as Goddess claim'd.

Eke she's describ'd as Shiva's wife,
Did children propagate,
Her worshippers with austere life
She does emancipate ;

The verses of *Tantras* in main
Altho' the *truth* declare ;
But ignorance the Brahmins feign
For pelf and festal fare.

The Hindoos worship Goddess o' learning
In vain with incense, flower ;
Scholars who labour hard with yearning
Enter the Muses' bower ;

The Goddess of wealth and of luck
They worship, bow, and pray,
While foreign trade with art and pluck
Drains their wealth day by day

By worship such of generations
As blessings Hindoo's met
The bondage, dearth and all privations :—
What more can idlers get ?

In all the climes, in different ages,
The mass is ignorant,
But there had been and now are sages
With *truth-light* conversant.

Philosophy and scienc' beseech
Men of free-thinking mind ;
To credulous, faith, bigots, dream
Of phantoms are assign'd.

CHAPTER VIII.

Some men eternal progress trust,
But ne'er they think so far—
What has commencement end have must
Unless'tis circular ;

If God created man and beast,
Eternal none can be ;
For this begining proves at least
End of their entity ;

Thro'senses mind does objects glean ;
When death them must destroy,
Eternal progress, bliss serene
How one would then enjoy ?

The birds and beasts eke should progress,
For they too beings are ;
Thro' process what, with what success
Proceed they, and how far ?

A sage who started long ago,
Sinner just starts who hence,—
Both the same boat for ever row ?
How thoughtful providence !!

Begins, but is without an end,
Such path cannot exist :
Mere blind faith towards it does tend
The mind of th'optimist.

CHAPTER IX.

Did God create the human race
To get devotion love ?
To hear them praise about His grace
On earth and heav'n above ?

Was feeling He like maidens old
With heart-ache sick and sore ?
So gallant lovers did He mould
To kneel and Him adore ?

Does God get any consolation
From but that smallest share
Of human love and admiration,
Which they can hardly spare ?

They love their children, wives and wealth,
Their country, nation, fame ;
In danger, distress, pain, ill-health,
They recollect His name ;

Truly they care for earthly treasure ;
 If God bestower be,
Few think of Him ev'n at their leisure,
 Or plaud His charity;

Lovers of God were far and few
 (Ev'n scriptures so maintain);
If feign'd they not, then, that was due
 To their unsettled brain ;

If as His lovers men He made
 Endeavors His did fail :
As by their love He's not repaid,
 Does now His heart bewail ?

Can one admire or love a thing
 From mind which is beyond ?
No mind to void can ever cling
 Where there's naught to respond ;

A fancied thing to love, esteem,
 A sound mind is not able :
As lov'd the prince the maid'n of dream
 In Arabian-nights' fable.

Unselfish love, men of which vaunt,
None finds in earthly mart ;
Ugly face and ill-nature daunt
Ev'n ardent lover's heart ;

Pleasant things always captivate ;
Pleasure produces love ;
All men unpleasant objects hate
On earth or heav'n above :

Hideous to look and void of grace
A God those who revere,
Even in dream to see His face
Shiver with awe and fear ;

Adorn who with best qualities
His grace them does delight ;
Their fancied qualities them please,
Not God beyond their sight.

CHAPTER X.

Does God like th'uproar men which raise
With prayers suppliant,
Complaint, appeal, hymn in praise,
And noisy grateful chant ?

All ancient kings used bards to hire,
Their glory, praise to sing :
Are men too made from that desire
By God, their heav'nly king ?

Some to pour sunshine, others shower
Together Him do task,
Their foes with judgment t'overpower,
For self while mercy ask ;

Mercy and justice both collide,
Each Th' other ne'er can brook :
With adverse thoughts such misallied
How queer that God must look !!—

To lead one people coerce or pray,
But result is the same,—
If human wish God does obey,
He's master but in name ;—

If God's acts men can regulate,
Masters are really men ;
Altho' their Gods themselves create,
Pray th'ignorant again.

Their heav'nly Father oft they call
" To come into their heart " ;
Does God pervade in objects all,
But is from heart apart ?

When theists pray for daily bread,
Why do they earn again ?
If God does not their tables spread,
Their prayers are in vain

An atheist toils his bread to earn,
Asham'd to be a craver ;
Do theists by prayer in their turn
Get any special favor ?

By "lead us not into temptation,"
To whom they supplicate ?—
Satan or God ?—'Tis whose vocation
To tempt men, and whose trait ?

If God made men and all the rest,
He did before their pray'r ;
Provided milk in mother's breast,
All foods and drinks with care ;

He first created water, food,
Then men, their thirst and lust ;
Their God so prudent and so good
Can not the pious trust ?

For His own purpose He creates,
From elephant to mite ;
Why they complain for different fates,
To clamour have no right.

God ne'er consults the wish of men ;
At pleasure His He makes :
Why they complain ? And how do ken
Why makes He, why He breaks ?

The raging storm in ocean, seas,
Ascribing to God's will,
Survivers thank God on their knees,
But praise not skipper's skill ;

Oft sceptics scape ; while pious in vain
For praise and prayer kneel ;
Withal their pray'rs when bottom gain,
Do they then thankful feel ?

That soldier's really not a brave,—
His fear he plainly shows,
Who prays to God, in war, to save
Him, and to kill his foes.

Those only pray for other's aid
Whose heart is faint and weak ;
Brave men of nothing are afraid,
Other's help never seek.

When their own strength and efforts fail,
Men help of others ask ;
When human help does not avail,
They put their God to task.

From weakness man commits a sin,
For God's mercy does pray,
Ev'n prophet's help he tries to win,
Yet often goes astray.

To manufacture Gods, 'tis broad,
Efficient cause is man,
Material's *fancy*, somewhere *fraud*,
Now realize those who can.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

Incessant bliss and end of pain,
Desires life-long the human mind,
From birth till death, men seek in vain,
But such a state can never find ;

Urg'd by desire for happiness
Men speculate, exert and act ;
Instead of pleasure get distress,
In human life it is a fact.

All th' objects are but transient,
So none of them can sate desire ;
Life-long enjoyment can't content,
Inflames desire as fuel the fire.

As long as strong desires exist,
The mind they towards th' objects urge ;
That impulse strong it can't resist,
Like helmless boat amidst the surge.

Who struggle not, from duty waver,
No long'd-for objects can attain ;
There giver is none ev'n to favor,
Where is no labour there's no gain.

Other's protection, kindness, aid,
The feeble minds can not but ask ;
When hope of human help does fade,
Their fancied God they put to task.

When earthly pleasure one can't reach,
Fancies, in heav'n, bliss nonpareil ;
But heav'nly bliss when priests do preach,
One finds in it an earthly smell.

Whene'er the strong oppress the weak
But recompense not, nor condole,
The wrong'd then fancy, hell will wreak
Their wrongs ; and thus themselves consolê.

Men point with finger towards sky,
If ask'd about the heav'n's location,
But notions their e'er falsify
Roundness of earth and its rotation.

The pious to God's grace impute
Th' occasional gain or success,
But common sense will them confute,
As atheists even that possess.

But faith them blinds, they can not see
The follies in their pious deed ;
Howe'er religious, none is free
From rivalry of caste and creed.

For mere show some on pulpit preach,
Feign to take from the dark to light,
Tho' light is far beyond their reach ;
But prating them e'er feed and dight !

With diverse droll canonic gown,
Parade some piety, sins conceal ;
At other's weakness aye they frown ;—
So, simpletons with awe do kneel ;

How monstrous, grim, themselves they make
With ash-smear'd body, matted hair !
An alien would at first sight take
Them, for wild beasts out of their lair. (A)

Some mark, just as a panther dread,
Their fore-head, arms and eke their breast;(B)
The *Brahmins*, vain of cotton thread,
Lo ! soar how on pride's highest crest !!

Sandhya they chant, to cleanse their heart,
While water sprinkle, sip withal, (C)
But lust and greed ne'er from them part,
Remain intact till death does call.

The *mantra's* meaning few but know, (D)
To know that fewer even care,
To make an outward pious show
They thrice a day recite the pray'r.

Some dance and sing, or leap and yell,
Weep, tremble, swoon, sweat, or may feign,
To mesh the fools within their spell,
And fame of devotee to gain.

Here Gods but *Sanskrit* understand,
And that too when the *Brahmins* speak;—
India ! religious wonder-land !
Where Gods ev'n go-betweens do seek !!

Few Brahmins now the Sanskrit wis ;
Prelatic right they get by birth ;
A show to keep up ne'er they miss,
With incense flow'r : So mock the dearth.

Debases them naught—sin nor crime,
Servile works even ; so they think ;
What can pollute their caste sublime
Is, touch if one their food and drink ;

Their sanctity lies more or less
On what they eat and how they cook ;
With frail caste, hollow holiness,
These demi-gods are droll to look !!

Any thing new they always shun,
To queer old customs like to cling ;
Lower to them are all and one,—
A learned sage, a peer or king ;

The gems, who country luminate,
(For sojourn their beyond the sea)
Vain Brahmins excommunicate,
And rev'l on dead society ;

A barrier they put round their sect,
Which none can break or overpass,
But millions did and do reject
For merely fancied fault, alas !

Voracious alien sect and creed
Did swallow them, assimilate ;
But th'all-wise Brahmins pay no heed,
Nor can see th' effect ultimate ;

They know not how with tide of time
To float on surface or to swim,
So day by day they sink in slime,
And sing own praise at interim :

Those sages cite, and ev'n advise
To introduce, crude ways again ;
Have fallen they ? For them to rise
That rotten prop will not sustain ;

Nation's disease can't diagnose,
But each prescribes a remedy ;
With novel treatment and each dose
'Tis nearing rathe its destiny.

Those saintly beings legislated
And living *Satis* burnt on pyre :
The widows now are all cremated
In flaming fire of lust, desire ;

A hoary grand father does feel
No shame, a girl-wife 'gain to take ;
Stoical life, penance, single meal,
Prescribes for widow grand child's sake.

Their pureness of caste does not seem
To rest on pureness of their mind,
But men to bleed with cultish fleam ;
Oh ! heav'nly saints in human rind !!

To purify mind some abstain
From eating egg and fish and meat :
Let that alone, they hate in main
Meat-eaters, and them oft maltreat ;

Since ages, who here vegetate
On vegetabl', in darkness revel,
In moral sphere can't elevate
Themselves, are still in lowest level ;

Conquer'd nor reign'd, nor e'er did shower
The blessings of scienc' on their race ;
In physical nor mental power,
They neither have improv'd in grace.

They say, " meat-eaters tho' may shine
In science, art and industry,
Their grosser mind can ne'er divine
The high thoughts of philosophy ; "

Who know not matter and its laws,
Fatuity their such words express ;
They know not th' effect nor the cause,
Of highest thoughts have made a mess ;

Philosophies, of which they vaunt,
Culture'd of yore meat-eater sages, (E)
Forbidden flesh whom did not daunt,
Which proves their holy scripture's pages ;

Ev'n incarnations who are call'd,—
As Christ or Buddha, Krishna, Ram,—
At fish or flesh were never gall'd, (F)
For flesh forbidden felt no qualm ;—

In Ramayan or Bharat's text, (G)

In scriptures all 'tis written broad ;
Modern translator-zealots, next (H)
Hid it with glaring, flaunting fraud.

Abstain from meat thro' kindness who,
They are not kind ; no fowls nor sheep
They breed or feed, but them eschew
With eaters, with aversion deep ;

Meat-eaters kill, eke are benign,
Protect them, feed and breed with zeal ;
But those who feed, for milk, the kine,
Tho' starve the calf, ruth never feel !

Suppose, give up flesh-food, for good,
Mankind, will ne'er breed bird or beast,
Protect nor feed, but will extrude
When there's no gain nor use the least ;

Forsaken cattle where would graze ?
Wild beasts in forest would they dare ?
Or would in sandy deserts maze ?
Does think of this such doctrinaire ?

If they starve or wild beasts them kill,
 Would vegetarians by them stand ?
Or if in number grow, to fill
 The cornfield, garden, pasture-land,

Then kill them must, the kindness-founts !
 Or mankind must the world forsake ;
Ere preaches one or high-horse mounts,
 Provision future needs must make.

Ev'n plants and trees have latent mind,
 Which sways their senses, objects gleans ;
In elements ev'n, ens we find,
 By divers scientific means ;

Both plants and animals derive
 From self-same protoplasm their source ;
If one wants to remain alive,
 To breathe, eat, drink, must kill of course.

Both milk and meat have blood their cause,
 That blood is chemic change of grass,
Fanatics ne'er to think do pause
 These naked truths, but overpass.

Food ne'er does cleanse nor can debase
The mind, if immaterial be ;
As cleanses naught or soils the space,
Ev'n so from food is mind aye free ;

Material if, (as some maintain)
At death, like body, must dissolve ;
Then after-life who would obtain ?
Try they this question e'er to solve ?

Fear, weakness and desire of mind
Create God and His Heav'n and Hell,
And creeds and sects of ev'ry kind,
And to devotion-wards impel.

All th' innocent sincerely pray ;
And on them prey the cunning folk,
Allow who not their flock to stray
Or put aside religious yoke.

The West did offer animals
To Gods, and prais'd and pray'd in vain ;
By Vedic cults and rituals
What objects did the *Rishis* gain ?

If did, then wherefore men forsook,
Such tried and good religions all,
And new religions why they took
At Buddha, Christ, Mahomet's call ?

Thousands of saints, whom India bore,
Devided men in thousand parts ;
For faith the Christian-folk of yore
Each other fought with swords and darts.

Fanatics through religious zeal
Oppress'd and kill'd with cultish fleam :—
Temples of God such crimes conceal
As felons in jail ne'er can dream.

Religions these, of which they vaunt,
Ne'er could nor can satiate desire ;
The dread of God does e'er them haunt :
From frying pan they fell in fire.

But science, by inventions mere,
Wonders performs as none did dream ;
If prophets, saints, again appear,
To them as miracles would seem :

No scripture nam'd electric light,
Motor-car, wire or telephone,
Travel by rail, aviator's flight
In Heav'n itself or Heav'nly zone ;

Jesus, who came from Heav'n sublime,
To meet God went Mahomet where,
Rishis who rov'd in Heav'nly clime,
None of them such things mention'd there.

Some pow'rs occult the saints possess,—
So noddies ev'rywhere believ'd ;
Ev'n now, some people search and guess
Those pow'rs in saints, and are deceiv'd.

A gramophone when talks and sings,
All th' ignorant it overawes ;
The miracles seem common things
When scienc' explains the nature's laws.

That ease which science did acquire,
The bliss, thereby which men enjoy,
All Heav'nly beings may desire,
And ev'n may tempt the Heav'nly Roy;

Shiva would hate old bull to ride,
Indra his tusker would not like,
Would auction them and ride with pride
A modern motor-car or bike.

Forsake fanaticism, and start,
With modern science, life anew,
Attach thy mind to commerce, art ;
To pious pretentions bid adieu ;

Without a pray'r or Heav'nly grace
The scientists aye knowledge gain,
Advancement of thy self and race
Depends on thee, thy heart and brain,

Revere thy parents, love thine wife,
And children rear with love and care,
Refrain from anger, wrangle, strife,
Please one and all with dealings fair ;

If further canst thy mind expand,
Improve thy race, be patriot ;
Revere and love thy mother-land,
Then love mankind, improve their lot.

CHAPTER II.

Can scienc' allay the pain and fear,
And can it give true happiness ?
Always with weal, woe does cohere,
Which men must suffer more or less.

No physic could nor can protect
Mankind, from death or from disease ;
Tho' time's removing its defect,
New maladies therewith increase.

By science, commerce, pluck and art,
Those people who pow'r, wealth acquire,
Do happy they feel at their heart ?—
Can plenty, nay more, sate desire ?

With fresh inventions, novel needs
Always oppress the scientists' mind :
Thro' science, with its highest meeds,
Hearts' ease the scientists ne'er will find.

In all states, are mix'd bliss and pain,
For which men long or which despise ;
Nothing forsakes nor tries to gain,
Remains indiff'rent one who's wise.

In guarded palace king in fear
Does tremble, whole night vigil keep ;
His tenants but in hovels mere
Enjoy the bliss of tranquil sleep.

Afraid of thieves the misers hurry
Their doors to bar with bolt and lock ;
The poor all cares in slumber bury
And never fear a mid-night knock.

The famous fear the bad report,
On public-tongues e'er hangs their bliss ;
Public opinion care nor court,
Th'obscure, who have no fame to miss.

Death, separation make afraid
The lover's heart, his bliss to curb ;
Peace of a bachelor or maid
Such thought and fear can ne'er disturb.

Nectar of bliss and pois'n of pain
Nature compounds in phial of fate ;
A cup one drinks or phial does drain,
Augments the thirst, but can't abate.

Tho' divers forms of government
For happiness men make and break ;
Ne'er rul'd or rulers get content,
Whate'er laws form or measures take.

Men task their brains, by sciential means
Invent all arms, to kill mankind,—
Torpedo, cannons, submarines
But peace of mind they ne'er can find.

A nation's life like human life,
Revolves with time, just as a wheel,
Thro' rise and fall, and struggle, strife,
Does pass away, itself conceal.

Ev'n highest mount in ocean sinks ;
Vast oceans, form of deserts take ;
In time-chain, rise and fall the links,
None could nor can this girdle break.

As witness of a pow'ful race
 Egyptian Pyramids, lo ! stand ;
But now 'tis difficult to trace
 When were they built by whose command.

Colossus o' Rhodes erected who ?
 None their particulars can say ;
Sects, nations empires, hitherto
 Thus, many form'd and pass'd away.

As youths with vigour, strength and health,
 Old age and death, cannot conceive,
New nations, so, with pow'r and wealth,
 Their future fall cannot believe.

As father occupies the place
 Of grand father, his place the son :
Makes room th' old one for newer race ;
 Thus, life eternal is for none !

A man from birth, thro' growth, decay,
 Involves as in his primal cause :
All nations, sects so pass away
 Thro' growth, decay, by nat'ral laws.

CHAPTER III.

Protective, kind, or pleasing act,
 As pious or good work, men do call ;
Acts which, cause death or bliss infract,
 Are call'd as crimes or sins by all :

With common sense, unbiass'd mind,
 If men judge works of Heav'n sublime
Or nature's laws, then they would find,
 There also, sin and heinous crime ;

In shape of plague oft nature carves
 All th' old and young, the death to feed ;
In guise of famine creatures starves,
 Ne'er feels remorse for heinous deed ;

Often she unawares does strike
 With thunder-bolts all th' animate,
In guise of flood a robber-like
 She plunders, kills, does devastate ;

She poisons them (they die and pine)
Thro' food and drink and thro' their breath;-
A judge would hang, in jail confine
If causes man such pain and death.

The tigers, who designs and makes,
Beings to kill and live on flesh ;
Poison who puts in fangs of snakes,
And teaches spiders flies to mesh ;

Sharpens the claws of birds of prey,
Who makes small fish as bigger's food ;
Makes birds, all insects, worms, to slay ;—
Is that creator kind and good ?

The bigger worms on smaller fall,
The biggest on the bigger feed ;
But death of beings each and all
In her own works does nature need.

For death, does nature all create,
For new creation then destroys ;
Can check or change none ne'er his fate,
She plays with him as child with toys.

If God creates the hunger, thirst,
 Ev'n food and drink He must supply :
Had He not these created first,
 Creation would stop, creatures die.

Distress to self, men apprehend,
 So sympathize for other's pain,
Benevolence hence does distend,
 But nature's course none e'er can rein !

This function e'er torments the mind,
 Makes wretched, when one's effort fails
The fate works slyly from behind
 Benevolence hence not avails ;

The whole mankind's beyond one's reach,
 So, none with all can sympathize :
Hence universal love who preach,
 A futile duty but advise ;

Tho' kindness partly may relieve,
 It ne'er can be life's veriest goal ;
They work in vain, themselves to grieve,
 Assume who philanthropic role.

Vain is reformers' trumpet-call
Future of nations who dictate,
Who claim to rein their rise and fall ;
Would they could own fate regulate !

What is creation, and its cause,
What am I, my supreme vocation ?
To solve these problems let us pause,
Discarding pious affectation.

TRUTH



SOHOM SWAMI
IN 1904.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

From what cause, and how, this world was created,
The scriptures, too conflictively, have stated ;

Altho' no version can stand sciential test,
Each warrants to be truer than the rest.

If any thing evolves from anywhere,
Again involves, in time, and merges there ;

As knowable's not that which does evolve,
How th' evolution theory can it solve ?

So putting all these theories aside,
Philosophical reas'nings make thy guide.

Sand-specks in desert altho' count can one,
Number of planets, numerate can none ;

As speck in desert, and a drop in sea,
Ev'n so small th' earth in universe must be;

Is limited this world ? Does intermit ?
Or everlasting 'tis and infinite,—

Who knows that ? and can positively tell ?
Vastness of universe all thoughts does quell.

Again, thy body germinates and holds
The living beings, in its different folds :

Within thy body, skin, and hair, beside,
Innumerable living atoms bide ;

Each other they devour, to live and thrive,
Th' unfit die, and the fittest do survive ;

Some walk in flesh, and others swim in vein,
There millions may be subjects, one may reign ;

He may imprison them or hang, amerce,
For them thy body's like an universe ;

About their world whate'er they may believe,
Thy self and body's nature can't conceive.

If they pray thee, thou canst not comprehend,
A helping hand, thou never canst them lend;

Ev'n their existence thou dost never feel ;
This fact and inference, this truth reveal :

That universal-self if does exist,
He never hears thy pray'r nor can assist.

In thy conception world is infinite,
Thy body's so for those who live in it ;

The vastness and smallness of world, the men
Shall never know, nor know, nor e'er did ken;

So leaving atoms those, and world immense,
Let us discuss an object of our sense :

A tree when analys'd, e'er find we there,
The heat, and water, earth, and space and air ;

And analysing th' earth one there shall find
Four other elements of different kind ;

The space and heat and air combin'd again
Create the vapour, cloud, and water, rain ;

The heat does emanate from air and space ;
Of air, the space is only cause or base ;

The human senses space can never feel :
Its ens, all visible things do reveal ;

“ Unknowable ” Vedant calls, which does cause
The space and time and all the nature's laws ;

From this analysis we do conclude,
That name and shape of tree, man's mind delude.

Unknowable something, thro' divers phase,
Appears but as a tree in human gaze ;

Apart from earth, space, water, heat and air
The tree, none ever can find anywhere.

The cold and white and solid piece of snow
Is water, tho' condens'd, without its flow ;

Thro' vapour and air, water does return
To some unknown state, which canst not discern ;

Unknown something, as snow, does manifest
But man, each form, with diff'rent name does vest ;

Losing its nature, if these forms attains,
How then, original form it regains ?

So, takes it tho' these diff'rent shape and name,
In ens and essence, e'er remains the same,

Whene'er in twilight, man commits mistake,
A rod or rope does take the form of snake ;

But as long as does that illusion last,
He thinks it real, and holds to th'error fast ;

Tho' serpentine shape rope ne'er took nor could
But he beholds its scales and fangs and hood ;

The rope and snake none e'er together saw,
Appears whene'er one, th' other does withdraw ;

As long this world apparent does remain,
The knowledge of its cause, none can attain.

Q. But as this error is of short duration,
How can it be compar'd with this creation ?

A. Defective organs, somewhere circumstance,
Create long errors, and all th' ignorance :

Sun's rise in east and its set in the west,
Tho' prov'd erroneous, by sciential test,

But earth's rotation round about the sun
Since time eternal could see never none ;

No shape nor colour has the firmament,
But looks like a blue caldron permanent ;

Altho' the stars are night and day in sky
But in night only thou canst them descry ;

These natural mistakes, for all, exist,
None can shake off the spell nor can resist ;

The scientists tho' know that which is right,
But even they can never mend their sight ;

So none in his own senses can confide,
Howe'er these visions may for ever bide ;

An object that has any shape and name,
Is always changing, ne'er remains the same ;

Connections numerous of diff'rent kind,
Bring always change in ev'ry human mind ;

All pass away, naught does intact remain,
Hence world, ' Jagat ' (agoing) name did gain ;

Whatever thou wert ev'n an hour before,
Now, thou that art not, and shall be no more ;

After long absence can't be recognis'd
A most belov'd face, and thou feel'st surpris'd ;

The momentarily change thou canst not perceive,
Hence—'tis so and so—say'st and dost believe.

Whene'er a man a rope for serpent errs,
After a time, again as rope avers ;

'Twas rope, before and after that mistake,
And never was transform'd in form of snake ;

The man thou seest did not exist before,
And after some time will exist no more ;

Because perceivest thro' thine optic sense,
'There is a man'—assertest boldly hence ;

Between the snake of error and the man,
One finds no difference, if can rightly scan.

Q. On visible rope, snake-mistake does grow,
What there exists, which as a man does show ?

A. When mind, thro' lens of eyes, once takes a rope,
To take it for a snake remains no scope ;

Conception vague of existence 's the base (A)
Of various mistakes of human race ;

The firmament tho' has no shape nor hue,
But looks it like a caldron also blue ;

In dream, th'invisible and shapeless mind
Appears as visibl' objects, thou dost find ;

From instances like these, the truth transpires ;—
Apparent things, for errors, none requires.

Q. With dreaming visions and mistake whate'er
This tangible world how can you compare ?

A. The sleeping, waking and the dreaming states
Possess quite naturally th' animates ;

As long thou dost remain in state of dream,
Thy dreaming visions just as real seem ;

The night turns into day, and day to night,
Light into darkness, and the dark to light ;

In air thou fly'st, across a chasm dost leap,
All pleasure dost enjoy, thro' suff'ring weep ;

In dream, thou talkest also with the dead,
And for a living friend thou tears dost shed ;

In waking seems the dream unreal amain,
While waking turns unreal, in dream again ;

Again in sleep both of them disappear
In dark oblivion, with sight, scene and seer ;

Three natural states thou dost realise ;
Which is unreal ? and how dost emphasize ?

Unreal is dreaming vision, 'tis a fact,
But ev'n in waking, reverie does act :

Millions of castles dost thou build in th'air,
Within a moment thousand miles repair ;

Oft'n horrid visions in thy mind appear,
Where there is nothing, which thou needs must fear.

Thou dream'st thy future, thy past is a dream,
Thy life is an e'er-flowing-dreamy-stream ;

Thy friendship, hatred, and aversion, love,
God, sin and prayer, Hell and Heav'n above,

The judgment, after-life, eternity,
Are dream-like all, and quite illusory.

Q. But in the state of waking, we do find,
With things substantial also, works our mind,

While, works in dream, but only in connection
With fancied things unreal, from recollection.

A. Those things substantial, as inanimate
And animate, thus, thou dost designate ;

What animation is, thou dost not know,
From movement dost guess, and such name bestow ;

The moving things to kill, remorse dost feel,
But th' others dost destroy for daily meal ;

Has, thing inert, which even never moves,
Pulsation and sensation, science proves ;

With food and air and water, ev'ry hour,
Thou beings dost inhale, drink and devour ;

For ignorance, organic fault, defect,
Thy knowledge of things is e'er incorrect ;

Ere, analysing objects, there were found
Mere shape and name in them, no substance sound ;

Between the dream and waking, thinkers, hence,
Can't find or infer any difference.

Q. The sleep and dreaming differ but in name,
In both the states, man's mind does work the same ;

The human mind does work like human breath
Incessantly, from birth until the death ;

Do they not call dream when remembrance keep,
And when forget the vision, call it sleep ?

A. If men remember not, how can assert
Mind active was in sleep, and not inert ?

Mind ne'er can work without the memory,
So, this theme is of no profundity.

Till, in oblivion, this world does sink,
No human being can e'er sleep a wink ;

In gloom of night to dream a sunlit day,
The night and sleep, from mind, must pass away,

When mind becomes inert, forsaking all,
Then, that forgetful state, thou sleep canst call.

By sciential means as thou hast come to know
Something evolves thro' vapour, water, snow :

Ev'n so, the mind evolves, and generates
The dreaming, waking and the sleeping states ;

Same mind, when, does in three states manifest
Then, real's but only one, how canst attest ?

Existence of three kinds, Vedant does own,—
Unreal, usual and real (unknown) (B)

All objects are *unreal*, which rise in dream
And reverie, tho' real-like then may seem;

And th' objects, which thro' senses mind does take,
Are nam'd as *usual* ;—Vedantists spake ;

As is, beyond the senses, th' earth's rotation,
But science proves it real by demonstration ;

Ev'n so the *Real's* beyond mind's those three stages,
Suppressing mind, can realise, which, the sages.

If one does analyse the pow'rs of mind,
It works with objects of sense, so we find ;

As, thro' sense-channels only, mind does flow,
Th' objects of senses alone, thou canst know

The Gods or demons dread of dreaming state,
From things of memory, mind does create ;

Thy mind connects thy self with other things,
While emanates from self and thereto clings.

Q. Is not mind a function or th' effects of brain ?
Hence gets derang'd by brain's disease or strain.

A. When human eyes a rod or rope do take,
Why mind mistakes it often for a snake ?

When rope, thro' th' eye lens, in man's brain reflects,
Why mind takes it for snake, and rope rejects ?

This single fact can prove and ev'n assert
That mind's not function of the brain inert.

A sooty glass altho' throws dusky light,
The light, within the lamp, remains as bright ;

Disease, or strain, altho' the brain deranges
But mind remains like light, it never changes ;

Thro' brain-lamp, mind-flame, does eject its gleam,
According to lamp, bright or dim does seem.

In happiness extreme or grief of one,
When single thought-flow constantly does run,

Mind o'er works one part, and does strongly strain,
While leaves inactive th' other parts of brain ;

Hence brain becomes diseas'd thro' th' act of mind ;
That is the cause of madness, thinkers find.

Owing to difference of brain and its cells,
Unlike are minds, phrenology so tells :

But oft'n are visible, on human faces,
Love, mercy, anger and lust's different traces ;

The feelings which are always prevalent,
On faces leave their traces prominent ;—

No function of man's face the mind can be,
But trace of mental function there dost see :

As, close to brain are human face and eyes,
The mind its functions thro' them signifies.

Matter has motion and blind force profuse,
But no discretion, nor pow'r for its use ;

It can distinguish ne'er the right from wrong,
To matter judgment never does belong ;

It has no mercy, lust nor hate nor love ;
No fear of Hell nor hope for Heav'n above :

From all these facts, the thinkers ascertain,
That mind's not function nor the work of brain.

Q. Is not a function mere, the consciousness,
Like th' other functions which mind does possess?

A. Mind's function each with th' other does collide,
Together they can ne'er work, nor abide ;

The love and hate collide e'er each with th' other,
All evil passions piety do smother ;

Anger does stifle friendship, bliss the pain,
Renunciation stifles greed for gain ;

But consciousness remains in ev'ry state,
In pain in pleasure, anger, love and hate ;

Thy self is ever-present, 'tis a fact,
In absence thine the mind can never act ;

Thou self-existent art and base of mind,
But not its function, easily canst find.

Q. How e'er-existent consciousness can be,
When disappears in sleep it verily ?

The consciousness and objects e'er cohere,
Together both appear and disappear ;

'Tis self-existent thing,—how can you say ?
Without an object when it ne'er can stay.

A. The mind is relative,—thou canst assert,
In object's absence it becomes inert ;

Again, when mind in sleep or swoon does sink,
Object of any kind with it can't link ;

But e'er-existent is the consciousness,
The swoon or sleep of mind it can't suppress.

When sleep and swoon, the senses do conceal,
When, any bliss or pain, mind does not feel,

Remains not when the darkness or the light,
A vacuum become the scene and sight ;

When there remains no motion, voice nor sound,
Become absorb'd all in a calm profound,

Ev'n then, thy self, existence its maintains,
As witness of that nothingness remains ;

When mind does sleep thou dost remain awake :
Hence, " there was nothing," such assertion make

Thou positively say'st that naught was there,—
From what authority so dost declare ?

Thy concious-self, then, feels that vacant state ;
Hence, thro' the waken'd mind does intimate.

Thou dost pretend to know each earthly thing,
Forsakest some, to th' others dost thou cling ;

Dost differentiate the wrong from right ;
Distinguish objects by bright sciential light ;

Thou knowest all concerning heav'n and hell,
Ev'n what is sin and virtue, thou dost tell ;

True thy God, and religion real is thine,
But other's are unreal, thou dost define ;

Thou knowest these, and dost to world impart ;
But dost not know the *knower*,—who *thou* art !

Thou know'st, a *trio* religions all aver,
The worshipp'd, worship and the worshipper,

With others dost in pray'r and worship vie,
To find the worshipper, thou never try ;

God, in religious council, has no voice ;
Men Him select according to their choice ;

Once dost elect a God, with rapture bounce,
Again, as false or fraud, dost Him denounce ;

One mode of worship, rites, once thou dost take,
Then finding flaws in them again forsake ;

Religious world adjusts and rules the man,
Forsake or take, hence, at his will he can :

No man performs without necessity
An act of worship or of knavery ;

From thine own motive dost a God select,
Applaud one creed and others dost reject ;

But, what art thou, thine nature, dost not know,
As if a helmless boat in vain dost row ;—

Unless thine own self, thou canst ascertain
Religion, worship, all are quite in vain ;

So leaving all the castes and creeds alone,
Let us discuss the *Self* innate, unknown:

Thou not art body, nor art thou the mind,
Ev'n senses art not, easily canst find ;

Thy sep'rate ens thou dost e'er realize,
So, say'st my mind, my hands, my nose and eyes ;

Again thou say'st " my soul, my feelings, heart,"
So tak'st thyself, from knowables apart ;

Connecting thee with body, thou dost feel,
As frail as feather, or as strong as steel ;

Thy self dost take for female or for male,
In health rejoice, and in disease dost wail ;

When body's aged thou dost often fear,
That, unawares, thy death's approaching near ;

Connecting *thee* with senses, dost believe,
That, thou dost see and hear, by touch perceive ;

Identifying self with mind, the pleasure
And pain, thou dost e'er feel, of diff'rent measure

And tak'st thyself, for pious, kind and brave,
Or cruel, coward, sinner, or a knave ;

Even so, with religious diff'rent view,
Thyself thou tak'st for Hindoo, Christian, Jew ;

Non-self and self thou dost e'er complicate,
Hence, knowest not the self, its real state :

Whenever thou shalt put all these apart,
Then, and then only, know, what truly art.

In infancy, when didst thou mewl and prattle,
Or play'dest in thy nurse's arms with rattle ;

In childhood, when didst play with tops and toys,
In boyhood, learn thy tasks and fight with boys ;

In youth, in love, ambition, strength and health,
In manhood's knowledge, strife for fame and wealth,

At last in thine the second childish mien,—
Sans teeth, sans sight, sans taste, the ending scene—

Thou dost find ever in these stages all—
Thy mind and body change, they rise and fall ;

But conscious-self, beyond all shape and name,
Is e'er unchangeable,—remains the same ;

Cause of destruction's change,—the scientists say,—
Thro' constant changes objects pass away ;

Thou canst it find, thro' thine experiences,
Destructible are body, mind and senses ;

But self ne'er changes, nor it does evolve,—
Hence, its eternity all sages solve ;

That conscious-self, in things, exists innate,—
So-call'd inanimate and animate :

Tho' gold or silver seems a lump inert,
Sensation, there too, science does assert ;

To feel sensation there must be the mind,
And base of mind is conscious-self, dost find ;

Tho' diff'rent attributes gold does possess,
It differs not from man in consciousness.

The heat and cold all vegetables feel,
Some plants from touch do shrink, thus sense reveal

They eat and drink, and thro' their leaves, inhale,
Pistils have female flow'rs, and pollens male ;

Thus, flowers germinate their fruit and seed,—
As beings animate their younglings breed ;

All animals eat plants 'tis obvious,
But many plants there are carnivorous ;

The thing, which science protoplasm does call,
Originates the visibl' objects all ;

All kinds of plants have consciousness and senses,—
'Tis prov'd, by sciential tests and inferences.

Inanimate or animate, whate'er
May'st name, but *conscious-self* is ev'ry where ;

The horse as surely feels "a horse I am,"
And as a ram does feel "I am a ram,"

A plant ev'n, likewise feels, "I--plant-exist,"
In objects all, the conscious-self is gist.

Some their conception, tho' can not express,
But have innate in them the consciousness :

Or knowledge such, thou hast not in command,
As plant and metal's voice can understand.

Sans non-self things,—shape, name and attribute
Remains there only *self* the *Absolute*,

All objects He Himself does animate,
Him, *Infinite self* sages designate.

As rod or rope is snake-illusion's base,
So, He's of universe with time and space.

All non-self things, when, thou wilt set apart,
Then, and then only, know that, "*That thou art.*"

CHAPTER II.

The non-self things and conscious-self divine,
Let us illustrate,—thoroughly define :

The fleeting shapes of objects dost thou see,
But knowest not the hidden *Reality* ;

Analysis of evolution solves,
That, th' essence changes ne'er, if it evolves :

As rod and rope ne'er change tho' look as snake,
So, the cause of world too for creation's sake ;

In dreaming state, when any food dost dream,
To thee then surely real-like it does seem ;

Then, hungry dost thou feel, with gladness eat,
Appease thy hunger, also find it sweet ;

However flavorful and fresh may look,
'Twas made by no confectioner nor cook ;

Th' efficient and the cause material
Is mind, in dream, of th' objects visional ;

Ne'er does transform nor change the dreaming mind,
Appears it tho' in forms of different kind :

'Tis things of dream, their maker and enjoyer,
In waking state, again, 'tis their destroyer.

Creator-mind, in dream can never know,
That, from *itself* the things of vision grow ;

Hence, when in dream thy mind the food does see
It feels temptation, wonder, also glee ;

Then, as enjoyer, hunger does appease :
Again when wakens, finds unreal these.

It fears the monsters of its own creation,
Weeps for bereavement also separation ;

Mind, with discretion, can't create, it seems,
Hence, danger, death, distress, it often dreams ;

From this analysis we may conclude,
It dreams both good and bad from habitude ;

From habit, mind creates and does enjoy,
Again in waken'd state, it does destroy ;

Mind's *seeming-evolution*, manifold,
In dream, dost in thine conscious-self behold.

From *th' infinite-self* (Brahm),—the Vedas state,-
All *finite-selves* (the jivas) emanate ;

Sum total of the minds of jivas all,
Is *mind of Brahm*, which Vedas *Maya* call ;

As drops an ocean, trees a forest make
Likewise, the minds make *Maya*, sages spake ;

The sum of selves is Brahm or *th' infinite*,
But there's naught to divide it or to split ;

Th' infinity none never can divide,
Hence, jivas are *not real*, we may decide.

(Maya is female, Hindoo-scriptures say ;
Th' adage and usage old, let us obey ;)

Her dream or vision is the real cause
Of this creation, and the nature's laws ;

With self-material, she does e'er create,
All things, inanimate and animate ;

After creation, she forgets her actions,
Divides herself then into different fractions ;

An individual mind, becomes each part,
To feel the pleasure, and from pain to smart.

A battle-field, whene'er thy mind does dream,
Thousands are fighting there, so does it seem ;

They charge, retreat, the wounded suffer pain,
There seem to work, their organs, limbs, and brain,

Each soldier seems to have a distinct mind,
Thy mind can multiply, thou there dost find ;

Just as above, tho' Máya does appear
As beings and their minds, to see and hear,

But really Māya never multiplies
As objects, nor herself diversifies,

Mind's dreaming visions are unreal all :
And Maya's visions *usual*, sages call.

Q. The mind aye memory brings in its use
In dream, diverse visions to reproduce ;

Impression, memory, when she had none,
With what material has her dream begun ?

A. Thy mind is limited in time and space,
Hence, for its dream its memory's the base

But Maya's dream's eternal, infinite ;
For her a memory's not requisite.

Q. Without space naught can vibrate, oscillate,
In Maya how can that eventuate ?

A. To move, all objects need some space, 'tis right,
But, that example, here thou shouldst not cite ;

In dream, the highest mount or endless main
And force of hurricane, does mind contain ;

Ev'n time and space are Maya's own creation,
Hence, she requires no space for her vibration ;

When the container's full content can't move,
But the container can move ; this does prove

That Maya can aye vibrate ; 'cause she holds
Both time and space in her eternal folds.

CHAPTER III.

Their full-siz'd lineaments in glass men see ;
But if that glass, in fragments shatter'd be,

In fragment each, then, they do realize
Their own reflection of a tiny size :

In Maya conscious-self's reflected when,
As Brahm or th' infinite, is call'd He then,

And mirror'd when, in Maya's fragment (mind),
Each mind a miniature-self holds, we find ;

Those fragments (minds), if thou but put'st aside,
Then naught remains conscious-self to divide ;

But mind's illusion, erstwhile we have found,
So conscious-self is infinite, unbound ;

That Infinite-self Brahm thou truly art,
A part art not thou, nor from Him apart ;

Q. How can you prove, that Brahm is infinite,
If Brahm and Maya both of them admit ?

A. A sep'rate ens of mind canst find thou never,
Because thy mind from conscious-self can't sever ;

When thou art absent, thy mind can't remain,
But, ev'n in sleep, sans mind, thy self does reign ;

As sun has sunbeams, fire its heat and light,
Liquidity has water, darkness night,

As thou, the mind —thy nature, e'er dost own,
His Maya, likewise, does own Brahm,—th' unknown ;

As water is one with its liquidness,
So Brahm with Maya's one and limitless.

Q. If Maya to that Brahm you thus assign,
“ Unqualified is Brahm,” how can opine ?

A. *Nature* is diff'rent quite from *quality*,
Tho' th' ignorant blend them unknowingly :

All th' objects by their nature we can know,
Just as we do detect the fire by glow ;

But when, thro' colour'd glass, looks green or red,
The light is qualified, then may be said ;

By touch we can perceive the ens of air,
Touch being nature does its ens declare ;

With touch, whenever any scent we smell,
Then, air is qualified, so we may tell :

Love, kindness, or such mental attribute,
Whenever, th' ignorant, to Brahm impute,

Then God the qualified He may be named,
We prov'd such God as fraud, and ere proclaimed.

When myriads of waves originate,
In ocean's vibrating or moving state :

Suppose, the waves have life and consciousness,
They feel, perceive, all senses do possess ;

They rise and fall, some run, some bounce and leap,
Avoid some one, to part with others weep ;

They gladly rise, but are afraid to fall,
For mutual help oft'n each other call ;

They love each other or revere or hate,
Becomes one proud, while others curse their fate ;

Some try for wealth, and others fame to gain,
Pleasure they want but oft get danger, pain ;

In course of time, some sober ones did pause
To think about waves, water, and their cause ;

Their mind forsook all pleasure, and did tend
To find, " wave-life begins whence, where does end."

Each made a God, thro' mere imagination,
As highly qualified, cause of creation ;

Some took for God, the highest, largest wave ;
About His love and grace began to rave ;

After much fancy, surmise error-fraught,
Creator th' ocean is, at last they thought ;

But floating waves had not the common sense
To think,—what's ocean, they, their difference ;

Some pray'd for mercy, and some, Him to see,
And others to be from their bondage free ;

The scriptures, which the rolling scribes then wrote,
In time, did into *revelations* bloat ;

Religions are as God's *commandments* call'd,
The simple waves accept, become enthrall'd ;

They form sects and amongst each other fight,
Each of them thinks—His principle is right.

So long vibration in the main remains,
Each wave its personality retains ;

But as soon as vibration does desist,
Lo ! nothing else but water does exist ;

The water, main and waves, become then one,
The waves can realize there difference none.

Owing to Maya, her vibration—mind,
Apart from th' infinite thyself dost find ;

But Brahm thou art, not portion, nor apart,
Realize restraining mind that “ That thou art.”



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PART IV.



CHAPTER I.

As body's growth, decay and death dost find,
Three stages similar are in thy mind ;

As body for growth aliment does need,
By nature to perfection-ward proceed ;

Decay when comes, its vigour and its health,
All unawares decline, as if by stealth ;

All senses weaken, turn the tresses gray,
And this decline can check, no sciential sway ;

Involution sends it thro' death to the source,
Whence evolution sent towards its course ;

Likewise the mind in its stage infantine
On objects thrive, which all the senses glean ;

Inquisitiveness from birth does increase
Thro' questions " what is that " or " what are these ;"

It, by degrees, evolves in strong desires,
Then mind to knowledge, fame, and wealth, aspires,

Therewith come love, and other sentiments,
And prurience, which lustful thoughts foments ;

While minds, on culture and all objects, grow,
Enjoy and suffer always weal and woe ;

Enjoyment, suff'ring, when appease desires,
Turning from objects, inwards, mind retires ;

Decay, or stoical-stage, does hence begin ;
Then, mind does merge in cause, the self within.

When starving men voraciously devour,
Can't notice whether food is sweet or sour ;

Appeas'd when partly, then begin to note
Its flavour, taste, and ev'n th' effect remote ;

Ev'n so, mind can not know the right and wrong,
Attachment and desires are strong as long ;

By longing, when, the senses are impell'd
With homily, then, they can not be quell'd ;

Th' enjoyments when desires somewhat appease,
Then only mind has time to think at ease ;

The binocl', with desire—attachment—lenses,
When is remov'd off from mind's optic senses,

When mind with op'n eyes does the world observe,
From objects and enjoyments, then, does swerve ;

Then only, can see thro' th' assum'd disguise
Of world, its objects, and does realize—

The fickleness of love, and pleasure, pain,
Evanescence of things which one does attain ;

The transience of youth, beauty, which do fade ;
Vainness of fame which is so hardly made ;

The triflingness of human toil, and plans,
Philanthropy, finance, and ordinance ;

The nothingness of objects, and their cause,
The God, His will or the creative laws !—

Thus world, when analys'd, does always seem,
Unreal and illusive like a dream.

Then mind becomes devoid of pleasure, pain,
Regard for objects, and desire for gain ;

When senses, all the lovely objects, spurn,
T'involve in mind (their cause) then inward turn ;

Then tranquil mind, now free from senses' gurge,
In conscious-self, its own cause, does remerge.

Emits and draws in, spider, as its line,
And as resorbs, its surging waves, the brine ;

So, conscious-self resorbs the mind, at last,
Which emanated out from it in past ;

Then, conscious-self there only does abound,
Naught else, to limit it, within, around.

The conscious-self is not all-knowing then,
Because remains there naught for it to ken ;

Nor omnipresent, as remains no time,
Nor objects, space, exist ; but simply “ *I'm* ”

This super-conscious-self, the limitless,
The mind can't know, nor language can express ;

This *Absolute, Unqualified, Unknown,*
As *Bhuma, Brahm, Vedant* does name and own.

Unknown 's the name, wherewith Him science vests ;
From Him the world evolves or manifests ;

Sans non-self things, such self existent stage,
The scriptures name *Samadhi* of a sage.

CHAPTER II.

Q. Is not Samadhi mere a fancied stage,
Which realiz'd none e'er, th' ignorant or sage ?

Threë natural states, beings all perceive :
The fourth, that none perceive, who can believe ?

May be, Samadhi (transcendental state),
Thro' brain and mind infirm, does germinate.

A. One sleeps, or dreams, or sleeping state does feign
The waken'd others can't know, guess in vain ;

Samadhi knows he who does realise,
In vain, it, others false or true surmise.

A child can't comprehend the sexual pleasure,
Explain'd to him thro' whate'er means or measure ;

At parturition, mothers feel what throe,
Their barren sisters how can ever know ?

He can not know, himself one tastes unless,
Flavour or taste of aught, howe'er may guess ;

Samadhi, too, none can impart by lecture,
Nor one can comprehend by mere conjecture ;

Howe'er, 'tis not effect of morbid brain,
But natural to men, the thrall and thane ;

But, it appears in quite a diff'rent guise,
So, th' ignorant can never recognise :

Before thy sleeping state, dost daily find,
By nature, senses lose their grip on mind ;

Desire, attachment, love, devotion, fear,
Ambition, pain and pleasure, disappear ;

As long as works of sentiments remain,
The sleeping state, none ever can attain ;

Beauty most ravishing, or sweetest scent,
Most thrilling touch, and tasteful aliment

Melodious music, and caress ev'n fail
To lure the senses from the morphian vale :

When mind does sever all connecting links,
It then, and only then, in slumber sinks.

This stoical state, the cause of daily sleep,
Is hidden in mind, and unwares does creep ;

Encroaches on mind, with such stealthy paces,
None can detect when comes or when retraces ;

If, when this stoical state's predominant,
On th'eve of sleep, one can be vigilant,

Or, after sleep, when the mind first awakes,
Ere conversant itself with objects makes ;

One then can get, altho' the slightest, gleam
Of self ; and then samadhi *true* does seem.

Analysis of th' objects, weal and woe,
Whene'er, on one the stoical light does throw,

From th' objects all, his senses he restrains
Resorbing mind in self, Samadhi gains.

Q. If one samadhi does attain, indeed,
Why to *sub-consciousness* again recede ? (A)

He looks like ordinary human folk,
Under all sentiments' and feeling's yoke ;

To differentiate such a sage divine
From common men, what marks you can assign ?

A. A child at first attempt, within a day,
Can ne'er stand upright, nor can walk away ;

It stands, and falls, and does again arise,
Repeatedly to gain the posture tries ;

Ev'n so, the sages fall repeatedly
To gain samadhi for eternity.

By constant practice daily does increase,
Duration of samadhi, by degrees ;

He 's infinite in *super-conscious* state,
And finite, when the mind does oscillate ;

He 's Brahm in His sublime samadhi stage,
When mix'd with non-self things he 's but a sage ;

When mind and body his, thro' nat'ral course,
Remerges each, for good, in its own source,

Th' infinity for e'er he does attain,
The bondage, mind, and body, ne'er regain :

Or else, in practice-time, he leaves behind
A slender link with world or body, mind ;

The link tho' slight, it while remains intact,
Repeated falls and rises counteract ;

When that link's sever'd thro' the nat'ral laws,
Becomes He *Th' Absolute*, the *Brahm*, the *Cause*.

Mirage in desert equally appears
To both the foreigners and deserters,

Aforeigner, to quench his thirst may run,
But holds him back, then th'other knowing one :

The world tho' seems as real to th'ignorant,
A sage, whom does samadhi disenchant,

He knows the world *unreal* much like a dream,
Else *usual*, like *moonshine*, it may seem.

It is not easy for one to discern
A sage from others, by the signs extern ;

In'mind, the difference betwixt them lies,
But'tis not visible to human eyes ;

Thro 'th' outward mien oft'n men are so deceiv'd,
That rogues, fanatics, are as sage believ'd,

A sage is taken by mistake again
For impious, or a fool, sometimes insane ;

One must himself be sage, ere can divine
If other is a sage or libertine.

CHAPTER III.

Leaving aside surmise and prejudice,
By deepest thought, and sound analysis,

Holding aloft awhile *Truth's* brightest light,
Who have seen thro' the world,-from God to mite

That visibl' objects are impermanent,
Ev'n senses, which enjoy them, transient ;

That, all the happy yesterdays are past,
No bright to-day nor morrow ev'n will last ;

To please the senses, mankind anguish bears,
And sentiment's strong fetters lifelong wears ;

That, gods and goddesses, which men acclaim,
Are naught but myth and only empty name ;

That th'ignorant address as *he* or *you*,
Tho' God is e'er beyond their mind and view ;

That faith in mercy, justice, heav'n, and hell,
Is shackle strong of superstition fell ;

That none can love a thing imaginal ;
To weaklings prayer is but natural ;

Religions, cults and rites,—the gilded gyves,—
Fetter the people, whereby priesthood thrives ;

That, natural is not caste nor the creed,
Which pride and hate and wrangle aye does breed ;

To th' immaterial mind, material food
Can do ne'er any harm, nor any good ;

That blind faith checks the free-thoughts of the mind
And hinders progress all, of humankind ;

Benevolence and science can't allay
The grief, and thirst for more, and death, decay ;

And analysing *all*, who come to know :
That world's unreal, a dream-like *seeming flow* ;

That, finite mind is pow'rless utterly
To hold, or ev'n think of, th' infinity ,

That, concentration of mind lends but powers,
But not such as on world the science showers ;

Suppression of mind brings samadhi state,
Which ne'er attain, who try to concentrate ;

That, th' eyes, as, can not see their shape or mould,
So, *self*, itself, can't realize nor behold ;—

Mind in samadhi state does not remain,
The *self* all senses in itself does drain ;

Beyond all knowledge's *super-consciousness*,
Nor mind can grasp, nor language can express ;

Self-realization, or such words in use
Mislead non-thinkers, and mistakes produce ;

Language did emanate from intercourse,
Hence, human mind is its base and its source ;

So, mental thoughts alone it can express ;
For supermental state, 'tis meaningless ;

But, thro' this language, seekers ever find
A way to *truth*, which is beyond the mind ;

That, “ Brahm ”—this word, does never indicate
A definite thing, but a certain state ;

“ Brahm ” being adjective, His state sublime
Expresses, when the sage says “ *Brahman I'm* ’ (A)

On all points, after sound analysis,
Those, who are void of doubt and prejudice,

With perfect stoical mind and steady brain,
By practice, the samadhi, can attain.

CHAPTER IV.

While practicest, retract thy restless mind
From objects of senses of ev'ry kind ;

Put all the sentiments and thoughts apart,
Cleanse thoroughly, by stoical brush thy heart ;

Let not that purified mind vacillate
From conscious-self, which "*I*" does indicate ;

If mind but for a moment there adheres,
The practice stops and mind then disappears.

Sans mind and senses, but quite conscious stage
Is call'd samadhi, which attains a sage.

Thy mind diverts if o'er and e'er again,
Retract from objects and in "*I*" retain ;

If thine repeated efforts fail therein ;
Seek out the cause of it, which is within ;

Then analyse the cause, that thus distracts,
Its nature, origin, and how it acts,

Thro' sound analysis 'twill pass away,
As flees the darkness at th' approach of day.

A sage his mind in this way does suppress,
So can attain the super-consciousness.

With stoical mind, in tranquillity profound,
In lonely region, void of light and sound,

Subduing dream, and drowsiness and sleep,
Try to suppress thy mind, and vigil keep,

Think, only of thy self, if think thou must,
But ne'er about the things of hate or lust ;

Anxiety, hope and fear away do cast,
With thoughts of present, future and thy past ;

And in case, thou from speech canst not refrain,
With *talk of self* thy *self-thought-flow* retain ;

By such repeated practice gets a sage,
A sudden gleam of the samadhi stage ;

This super-consciousness, samadhi state—
Buddha did, as *nirvana*, designate.

Daily increase, profoundness and duration,
By constant practice of self-realization ;

In His samadhi state *He's th' Absolute*,
Unknown, unknowable, sans attribute ;

In his sub-consciousness, remains his mind,
But void of doubt and fear of ev'ry kind ;

Enjoys it life long bliss and peace sublime,
Dissolves till body in its cause, the grime ;

A bubble bursts and merges as in sea,
So mind in Maya for eternity ;

Then He remains as Brahman—th' infinite,
Whence Maya emanates, this world t' emit ;

Tho' sages realize, thou art in suspense,
Thy ens is the same, there 's no difference ;

If there was no creation at a time,
Ev'n then, thou hadst been there, 'tis truth sublime.

Q. If th' infinite or Brahm I'm really,
Of stoicism, practice, what's th' utility ?

A. As long that "if" in thy mind does remain,
True bliss and peace, thou never canst attain ;

All doubts with that "if" to exterminate
Must practice, and attain samadhi state.

Q. From all desires my mind is wholly free,
Attachment has transform'd in apathy,

But when try for samadhi, then I find,
My mind diverts to things of diff'rent kind ;

Ev'n things, for which I ne'er did nor do care,
Why oft'n engross my mind quite unaware ?

A. Desires from birth till present, day by day,
By hundreds came, and also pass'd away ;

Thy friendship, fellowship and love of past,
Did grow, and fade, and die, they did not last ;

Desires, attachment, which with so much pain
Now thou dost try to quell or to restrain,

Would have vanish'd in time, as did before,
But real cause of it thou dost ignore ;

These are not lasting, but poor, fragile things :
Remembrance of world to the firmly clings ;

Unless this memory and mind do part,
From such diversions thou shall surely smart ;

That memory, thou must eradicate,
To culminate sublime samadhi state.

SONNETS.

I.

Moon brightens th' earth with cool and pleasant rays
Sing raptur'd philomels her eulogy,
Enchanted bards her charming beauty praise,
But modest Moon is void of vanity ;

She knows that sun her brightens with his light,
So, songs and flattery, she takes for jeer,
Begins to wane in shame night after night,
Until, from sight, in gloom does disappear ;

Along with Moon, then, all in darkness glide,
The weary nightingales ev'n silence keep,
The drowsy bards then put their lyre aside,
And th'earth with objects sinks in slumber deep ;

Tho' bards and birds, to sing her praise, combine,
With borrow'd light does Moon illume and shine.

II.

With brilliant light Sun does illuminate
The world, eke gives the heat ; the scientists say
All planets, stars, from Sun did dislocate ;
Hindoos him worship, and at dawn do pray ; .

Astronomy and eyes each other fight
About his daily motion, and his size,
But, Sun ne'er shines, nor does illumine the sight
For him, who's blind, or who does shut his eyes ;

Inanimate eyes have no pow'r to see,
In sleep or swoon, whene'er, remains the mind,
Mind does exist, expand and work in *Me*,
I'm base of sight and scenes of ev'ry kind ;

Sun, his fame for light, has but falsely won,
My conscious lusture does illumine the sun.

III.

Once some blind men were sitting near a road,
When there an elephant was passing by ;
Then towards th' elephant all they bestrode,
About its shape themselves to edify ;

One touch'd the trunk and others touch'd its ear,
Some touch'd its leg, another touch'd the tail,
One touch'd the tusk, and one its belly mere,
To touch a part of it, so, none did fail ;

Then one said, " elephant is like a fan,"
Another, ' as a tree' ; some, " largest jar,"
A wrangle hence amongst themselves began,
Their friendship, fellowship and peace to mar ;

Each thought himself as right, and others not,
So never could conclude tho' life-long fought.

IV.

A cause of universe of course exists,
Tho' human senses can't know, nor the mind,
But, in religious world each e'er persists
In own faith, like deluded people blind,

As never one can hear sound with his eyes,
Nor can behold with his ears any scene,
So with his mind, a man, however wise,
The cause beyond the senses ne'er can ween ;

The Hindoos, Buddhists, Christians, Moslems, Jews,
Amongst them men of diff'rent sect and creed,
For diff'rence of opinions, faiths and views,
Each other spites, none ever does concede :

They really do not know for what they fight,
The cause of wrangle is beyond their sight.

V.

Ten simpletons were trav'ling ; on their way
They found a river, which they had to cross ;
When they have cross'd the river, said their boss,—
“ Now count our number,” and they did obey ;

Each counted others, but no heed did pay
T'ownself, so found one less, and for the loss
Began to lament, they did turn and toss
And wail and pray in great grief and dismay :

When came another trav'ller from elsewhere,
And heard about the cause of loss and grief,
Did count the *tenth*, explain'd them error their
Then they, from fear and sorrow, got relief,

For which they gain'd naught, nowhere did repair,
But only got rid of their false belief.

VI.

So, people do, for ever numerate
Their children, wife and health and wealth and fame
And loss and gain and country, glory, shame,
But ever find their loss in th' aggregate ;

Then they begin again to calculate
Religion, heav'n, hell, God with diff'rent name,
Eke caste and creed, but with result the same,
Because they count not their own selves innate :

For their past they lament, for future fear,—
They flatter, worship and for help do pray,
Until a *real sage* there does appear
And rectify mistakes and doubts allay :

The truth—" *that thou art*," then from him they hear,
When realize self, all sorrows pass away.

VII.

A prince was kidnapped, from a chateau,
By gypsies, when he was a sucking child,
And taken to their tents in country wild,
In faith and customs their so he did grow ;

His parentage and rank he ne'er could know
In company their, he, his time, beguil'd ;
With knavery his morals were defil'd :
So liv'd a gypsy-life deprav'd and low ;

Detectives, searching after him around,
By certain signs, him when did recognize :
Their declaration, him, first did confound ;
Situation his he could not realize ;

A prince he was ere ev'n without domain,
Lo ! with domain he is a prince again,

VIII.

So, thou wert kidnapp'd from thy home of bliss
By Maya ; brought up with her progeny,
The mind ; so, find'st, in thee, mind's quality,
The pleasure, pain, love, anger, avarice :

Detectives,—stoicism and analysis,—
When, by thy conscious ens, detect, in *thee*,
The *Cause supreme*, then that identity
Confounds thee, 'cause thy self thou dost not wis ;

Thy self why takest for a mortal thing ?
For other's grace dost cringe and kneel and pray ?
Blind faith and prejudice now far off fling
And try to grasp what those detectives say ;

They, to the world proclaim, to thee impart
That "*th' infinite eternal Brahm thou art.*"

IX.

In twilight starts and ev'n becomes afraid,
A piece of rope when one takes for a snake ;
That rope does ne'er the shape of serpent take,
The serpentness, tho' there, then does pervade ;

Ev'n so, with gold when ornaments are made,
Appear then different shape and name and make,
But goldness (nature) gold does ne'er forsake,
Tho' turn'd in bracelets, necklace and brocade ;

In rope or gold pervade the shape and name,
But not in shape and name the rope or gold ;
The rope or gold's base of pervasions all ;

So world's mere shape and name ; they do the same,
Pervade in *Me* ; their basis *I* them hold,
Tho' th' ignorant, Me, th' all-pervading, call.

X.

When ends illusion, snake does disappear ;
Then snakeness in tho rope none ne'er can find
The snake appears and disappears in mind ;
Mind fears in vain when nothing is to fear ;

Whene'er in fire is melted golden gear,
Dissolve then shape and name of ev'ry kind,
No trace whatever they do leave behind,
None can say whence they came, where did inhere ;

The shapes appear when th' elements combine,
Dissolve in void whene'er they disunite ;
The world is nothing but false shape and name ;

When stoical mind, all objects, does resign,
World vanishes in super-conscious light,
But like the rope *I* do remain the same.

. XI. .

Truth have I realiz'd, solv'd the problem great,
Rais'd Maya's screen, and clear'd illusion-mist ;
I th' infinite eternal soul exist
In transient objects all that fluctuate ;

My mind is void of love, desire and hate,
The thought of " mine and thine " it has dismiss'd
In all the diff'rent selves *My self* is gist,
There's none to hate, nor one to venerate ;

The sin and piety can touch me ne'er ;
I fear not hell and its eternal pain ;
I'm bliss itself, for heav'n's bliss never care ;
Can't frighten Me God and His judgment vain ;

I'm free from earthly fetters, heav'nly snare ;
Lo ! Maya's mesh's torn and is broken chain.

XII.

I'm not in body, nor mind, nor brain-cell ;
Male, female, neuter, no sex is in *Me* ;
Nor made of matter, nor its energy ;
Neither on earth, in heav'n, nor hell, I dwell ;

Decline or death of body can't *Me* quell,
Nor can *Me* touch e'er any malady,
Mine ens remains free from all injury,
When body's pierc'd by sword or torn by shell ;

If sun and moon to nothingness are hurl'd,
And th' earth with objects be engulf'd by main,
The world thro' th' involution being furl'd
Becomes absorb'd in its prime cause again,

If void becomes with time and space the world
Ev'n then, *My tranquil ens* there does remain.

XIII.

When one himself in his dream does engaul,
The shackles, chains and pris'n-walls, door and key,
The physical pain, mental misery,
All real-like seem, as long dream does prevail ;

Then mind becomes transform'd into the jail,
Its warders, fetters, chains, and agony,
Mind puts itself ev'n into pillory,
In its own fancied prison it does wail ;

Again from dreaming state when does awake ;
The prison, warders, shackles, can not find,
He knows then that unreal and own mistake ;—
So disappear all sorrows from his mind ;

Awaken'd one then nat'rally does see,—
That he was ne'er in jail nor was set free.

XIV.

Maya builds formidable jail, and all
The strongest fetters, shackles and the chain ;
The pris'ners try to break, but oft in vain ;
So, suffer life-long bondage there withal ;

“ I'm in this body ”—this thought's prison-wall,
Desire, attachment are the fetters main,
Five senses as links that chain does contain,
All th' objects are the warders to bethrall ;

As mind in dream, so Maya does create
With self-material, jail and captives (minds),
Becomes the warders, fetters in that state,
But wake'nd (stoical) mind no jail there finds ;

Desire binds mind and stoicism sets it free,
But bondage never was, nor is in *Me*.

XV.

In objects always men search after bliss,
But transient and imperfect are they all,
So, lasting and complete bliss always miss,
And miseries, their happiness, aye pall ;

In time of full enjoyment ev'n, men feel
Some want unknown, which they ne'er can explain,
While intimacy less'ns th' admirer's zeal,
And charms of objects, ev'n begets disdain ;

The bliss of sleep tho' life-long men enjoy,
Aversion or dislike but feel they ne'er ;
No pleasure sensual can their mind decoy,
When leaving all, it does to sleep repair :

Mind rests then blissful, being void of pain,
When from enjoyabl' objects does refrain.

XVI.

I'm self-existent, and my nature's mind,
But it has not the power *Me* to wis ;
Its outward-looking senses, nor can find
Me,—th' unalloy'd and everlasting bliss ;

It searches, thro' the senses, bliss whene'er
In objects,—beauty, riches, pow'r and nan^e,—
Then finds a compound o' pain and pleasure there,
Which kindles the desires, as fuel the flame ;

When disappointed mind to think does pause,
That thought, the stoical state, does generate,
Then, senses from all objects, it withdraws,
And does merge in *Me* in samadhi state ;

The mind in *Me* does bliss and peace attain ;
I'm bliss itself,—th' eternal blissful main.

XVII.

He who does suffer from a dire disease,
The doctors and their medicines does need ;
But one who healthy happy life does lead,
A doctor never calls, nor pays his fees ;

For weakness of sight who can't see with ease,
For him is spectacle, to write and read,
But sight of healthy eyes it does impede,
So they need it not, nor it them can please ;

Desires, disease-like, when one's mind do blight
Illusive world to whom does real seem,
The cause of world he searches ; in that plight,
From fear and pain him Maya does redeem ;

But world involving hides beyond whose sight,
For him is meaningless the Maya-theme.

XVIII.

Whene'er samadhi clears creation-mist,
Remains no sun, nor earth, nor day, nor night,
No time, nor space, no darkness, nor the light,
I,th' Absolute, the *Bhuma Truth*, exist ;

Whene'er samadhi clears creation-mist,
Then disappear the seer, and scene and sight, .
The matter, motion, mind, its weakness, might,
I,th' Absolute, the *Bhuma Truth*, exist ;

Remain no bondage, freedom, loss nor gain,
No cause of world (itself as does desist),
No waking, dreaming, sleeping, pleasure, pain,
Whene'er samadhi clears creation-mist ;

Then Maya disappears, does naught remain,
I,th' Absolute, the *Bhuma Truth*, exist.

APPENDICES.

PART I.

- A. (1) Rik—Name of one of the four Vedas.
 (2) Násadásinno sadásittadanim ka iha prabochat
 kuta ájátá kuta iyam bisrishtih.
 Rik Veda. 8/7/16/6.
- B. Karmmabaichitrát Srishtibaichitram (Sánkhyā darshanam) Sharírotpattinimittabat sanyogotpattinimittakarma (Nyáya darshanam).
- C. And the anger of the Lord was against Isriael.....
 And they were greatly distressed
 (Judge II. 14-15-20.)
 Now therefore let me alone that my wrath may wax hot against them.
 Exodus. XXXII. 10.
 And it repented the Lord.....for it repenteth me that I have created them.
 (Genesis. VI. 6—7.)
 Thou art cursed above all cattle.....I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and conception
 cursed is the ground for thy sake.
 (Genesis. III. 14-19.)
- D. Ghazee—A Moslem fanatic; Kaffer—disbeliever.
- E. Kuleen—A high caste Brahmin of Bengal.
- F. (1) Sri Krishna—One of the Gods of Vaishnava sect of India. Incarnation of Vishnu, the infinite.
 (2) Leelá—Amorous or wanton sports. Lee—to embrace, Lá—to get or give.
- G. Birth of Christ.

H. Kapila—Founder of the Sánkhya philosophy.

Vyas—The expounder of Vedant philosophy.

All the six philosophies of India refute a personal God.

I. Pátanjali—Expounder of yoga philosophy.

I'shvarapranidhánádbá. Kleshakarmabipáká-
shayairaparámrishtah purushabishesha ishva-
rah. Tatra niratishayam sarbbajnatvabijam.
Sa púrbbeshámapi guruh kálenanabachchedat.
Tasya báchakah pranabah.

The meaning of these five aphorisms are to be found in the third and fourth stanzas of chapter 5th part I, which are literal translation of them.

J. Jágaritasthano baishvanara akároh prathamá mátrá.
Svapnasthanah taijasa ukéro dvitiyá mátrá.
Suptasthánah prájño makórah tritiyá-mátrá.
Amátrah chaturtho abyababáryyah prapancho-
pashamah shibah advyaita ekam oukára átmaiba.

(Mándukyopanishad.)

K. Pranidhána—pra, ni (prefix) dhá (to have) lyut
(affix) = access.

L. Nanyotosti drashtá mattá bijnáta.

(Shrutih).

M. Yaguth, Allat, Araf, Sawa, Youk, Aiet, Wad, etc.—
Names of Gods and Goddesses of Arabs before
Mahomet.

N. Mercury, Jupiter, Apollo, Neptune, Juno, Mars etc.
Western Gods and Goddesses before Christ.

O. Jupiter as Indra with thunder-bolt ; Cupid as Madan
with bow and quiver ; Atlas as Bázuki propping
the earth ; Neptune as Shiva with trident etc.

P. (1) Shalagrám = A round piece of stone, the symbol
of Vishnu, worshipped by the Vaishnava sect of
India.

- (2) Linga - Sign or symbol of " Om " made of clay or stone. But some Purans and ignorant worshippers believe it to be the image of the generative organ of Siva.

Q. (1) Purans = 18 Mythological poems of Hindoos in Sanskrit.

- (2) Tantras = Religious treatises in Sanskrit, teaching peculiar formula and rites for the worship of the deities.

R. Parbbato bahnimán dhúmát.

(Nyáya)



PART II

- A. The Indian ascetics.
- B. The Vaishnavás mark all over the body which is called *Tilak*.
- C. Sandhyá = The daily prayers of Bráhmíns in Sanskrit.
- D. Mantras = Mystical verses in Sanskrit.
- E. Yajñártham bráhmañairbbadhyáh prashastá mriga-pakshinah ;
 Bhṛityánánchaiba brīṭtyarthamagastyo hyácharat purá. (Manusanhitá)
 Hyagasto barshaśáhasrike satre mrigayám chakára. (Bashishthasanhitá)
 Bhakshyáh pañchanakháh sedhágodhákachchapasal-lakáh,
 Shashashcha matsyeshvapi hi sinhatundakarohitáh,
 Tatíá páthínarājibasashalkáshcha dvijátibhib. (Yájñabalkyasanhitá.)
 Nátmá dushyatyadannadyáu práninohanyabanyapi,
 Dhátraiba srishtyáhyádyáshcha práninottárebacha. (Manusanhitá.)
 Mánsam brimbaníyánám. Kukkuto balyánám.
 Sharirabrimhane nányadádyam mámsádbishishyate. (Charak sanhitá.)
 “Tasya tatbachanam shrutvá Rájaputrasya dhímatah,
 Upánayata dharmmátmá gámarghyamudakam tatah ”
 “Mrigam hatvánaya kshipram Lakshaneha subha-kshane ”
 “Sa Lakshanah krishnamrigam hatvá medhyam pratápabán ”
 “Kroshamátram tato gatvá bhrátarow Rama Lakshanow ”

“Bahún medhyán mrigán hatvá cheraturyamunábane.
Ajaishchábikabaráhairnishtánarاسasanchayaih,
Phalaniryyúshasamsidhah súpairgandha rasánnitaih;
Bápyo maireyapúrnáshcha mṛishtamámsachayair-
britáh ;

Pratapta paitharaishchápi márgamáyurakoukkutaih;
Mámsánicha samedhyáni bhakshyantám yo
yadicchhati.”

(Ayodhyákandam, Rámáyanam.)

“ Agamishyati me bharttá banyamádáya pushkalam,
Rurún godhanbarábánsheha hatvádáyámisham
bahu.”

(Aranya Kándam, Rámáyanam.)

“ Tasmin gám madhuparkanchápyudakancha janar-
ddane.” (Udyogaparvva.)

Pádyamáchamaníyancha arghyam gáncha bidbánatah,
Pítámaháya krishnáya tadarháya nyabedayet.”

(Adiparbvam, mahábháratam)

Atha ya ichchhet putrome pandito bijigitah sami-
tingamah shushrúshitam bácham bháshitá
jayeta sarbbán Vedánábrabit sarbbamáyuriyaditi
mánsoudanam páchayitva sarpishmantamashniya
tamishwarou janayitabai oukshena bá rishavena
bá.”

(Brihadáranyakopanishad.)

“ Báyabyam shvetachchhágalamálabheta báyuyáge.
Pashuná Rudram yayet. Agnishomiyam pashu-
málabhate. Chhágasya bapayá medasá anubruhi.
Marutám skandhá bishvedevánám prathamá
kikasárudránám dvitiyádityánám tritiyá váyoh
puchehha, etc.”

(Yayurveda.)

“ Sasmishlo arusho bhubah supasthábhirnadhenu-
bbih sídam chhyenona yonimá.”

(Sáma Veda.)

“ Dhenutbñih gobbih gorbikárah payobhirittarthah.”

(Sáyanabbháshya.)

“ Sa bádyaksháh sahasraretá adbhirmrijáno gobbih
shronánah.”

(Sáma Veda)

Gobhi gorbikárah kshirádibbih.

(Sáyana bháshya.)



PART III.

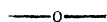
- A. When one plainly sees a rope, one cannot mistake it for a snake. In darkness or twilight when one sees the existence of something, but its shape is not quite apparent, then only mistakes a rope or a rod for a snake or vice versa. Hence none really mistakes one shape for another.
- B. Unreal = Abhásasattá.
Usual = Byabahárika sattá.
•Real = Páramárthika sattá.
- C. Conscious self = Atmá.
Subconsciousness includes the waking, sleeping and dreaming states.
Superconsciousness — Indicates the state when there remains one absolute consciousness, that is "*Icist*."
- A. "Brahmetyátma-Brahma-shabdayoritare tara-bisheshanabisheshyatvam Brahmetyadhyátma parichchhinna mátmánnam nibartayatyátmeti cha átma byatirikta syádityádi Brahmana upásyatvam nibarttayati."

(Chláudyogya Váshye, Shankarah.)

ERRATA.

<i>Page.</i>	<i>Line.</i>	<i>For.</i>	<i>Read.</i>
21	29	of tanent	oft anent
26	7	Him	him
32	13	perceive	perceives
49	3	appeal, hymn	appeal and hymn
74	3	which,	which
93	12	we	can
120	12	thrive	thrives
122	14	Evanesence	Evanes ^{ce} ce
123	11	trauquil	tranquil
128	9	differenciate	differentiate
140	12	the	thee
140	14	shall	shalt
Sonnet X	2	tho	the

NOTICE.



The following works by Paramhansa Sohom Swami can be had at the “Hermitage” P. O. Bhawali, District Naini Tal, Himalayas, India, or from the Publisher at Dacca, Bengal.

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|--|------------------|
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